JANUARY 1964

TWO SHILLINGS

WORLD SOCCER

● RAYMOND KOPA (France) ● FRANCISCO GENTO (Spain) ● European Nations Cup — Italy v. Russia

Two of the players at Wembley in the Rest of the World team were Raymond Kopa and Francisco Gento. Kopa's position is discussed by Jerry Weinstein on Page 14 of this issue. Gento continues to be an international choice for Spain in his outside-left berth.

Gianni Rivera (centre) scores for Italy against Russia to equalise at 1-1 in the European Nations' Cup second leg tie. But by virtue of their 2-0 first leg win the Russians progressed to the next round. Full report Page 5.

Obvious delight from two Swedish forwards as the first goal against West Germany scored by Agne Simonsson nestles into the netting. German defender Willi Schultz is duly aghast!

George Eastham (ARSENAL & ENGLAND)

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

World Soccer

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Editor
JACK ROLLIN

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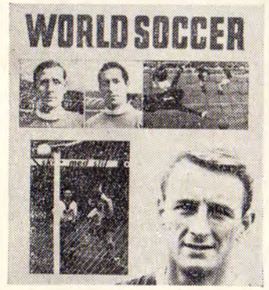

This month's front cover . . .

Again in WORLD SOCCER we feature a cover made up of several interesting photographs all dealing with players and matches of current interest. All the photographs are captioned on the front page.

what to look for in next month's edition

In the February edition of WORLD SOCCER there will be a feature on Russia, a player portrait of Denis Law, stories from all corners of the soccer world together with the latest happenings of the European and South American fronts. Results, line-ups, features, fact and opinion on the world's finest sport can be found as usual in WORLD SOCCER. Our regular panel of contributors including Eric Batty, Gordon Jeffery, Brian Glanville and Roger Macdonald will all be featured in this issue. To avoid any possible disappointment, order your copy now.

JANUARY WORLD SOCCER 1964
VOL. 4 No. 4

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INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

October
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November
3 Rumania 2, Denmark 3 (Olympics Qual.)
3 Hungary 3, E. Germany 3 (Eur. Nat. Cup)
3 Sweden 2, W. Germany 1
3 Switzerland 0, Norway 2
3 Yugoslavia 2, Czechoslovakia 0
7 Scotland 6, Norway 1
10 Italy 1, U.S.S.R. 1
12 France 2, Switzerland 2
20 England 8, N. Ireland 3
20 Scotland 2, Wales 1
28 Rumania 3, Denmark 2 (Olympics Qual.)
(After extra time—play-off at Turin)

LATINS GET INTO THE SOCCER ACT

INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

THE doubts I expressed in my South American Commentary, elsewhere in this issue, concerning the fulfilling of the second half of the Rosa Chevalier Boutell Cup fixture between Paraguay and Argentina, I discovered to be unfounded soon after I wrote finis to that piece. Now, and particularly since the result of this second leg match was an unexpected odd goal in five victory for Paraguay at the River Plate ground in Argentina, I am taking advantage of the International Post-Mortem section to add a few facts and features about this match. For it Argentina lined up with the same defence on duty as at the beginning of the earlier match in Asuncion but made changes in attack with Onega, who had started the first match at inside-left but later switched to outside-right, staying on the wing and Menotti and Belén forming a new left wing.

Paraguay, as befits a team that had lost 4-0 I suppose, showed more changes. Benitez kept his place in goal but the backs were Breglia and Monges with Bobadilla, who had been left-back, moving up to left-half to replace Martinez. In the forward line Quinones and B. Rojas stayed in place at inside-right and centre-forward, Pavon moved from outside to inside-left and the new wingers were Arambulo and Ayala. The referee for the match played in Paraguay had been the Argentinian, Manuel Velarde. Now, returning the compliment, it was a Paraguayan referee, Dimas Larrosa, who took charge of the match in Argentina and, their own defeat notwithstanding, it is pleasant to record that Senor Larrosa came in for considerable praise from the Argentinian Press for his efficient handling of the match.

The first ten minutes of the match were quiet and uneventful. Menotti and Artime combined well to put Onega away but the winger failed to profit from the opening. Argentina, conscious of their four-nil victory in Paraguay, could afford to be complacent. Then, in the eleventh minute, they were jolted when Bobadilla split their defence wide open with a fine sweeping pass and only a hectic dash by goalkeeper Carrizo beyond the penalty area enabled him to reach the ball ahead of Pavon. Argentina came back but Artime missed a good chance by shooting straight at Breglia, the Paraguayan right-back, who scrambled the ball clear. But, five minutes later, Artime was stopped on the edge of the area only when Insfran brought him down from behind. Menotti scored for Argentina from the free-kick as goalkeeper Benitez, perhaps expecting Artime to intercept the ball, was too late with his dive. A minute later Onega again slipped a neat pass to Artime and the centre-forward's shot was only narrowly off-target.

Paraguay, however, were playing much more effectively than in the first match and refused to be worried out of their rhythm. In the twenty-first minute, Quinones received the ball from Pavon and advanced towards the Argentinian goal, beating Bonczuk and drawing Carrizo before slipping a deft pass across the face of the goal. Bassiano Rojas moved in and smoothly prodded the ball into the net for the equaliser. There was no further scoring in the first period and Argentina made three changes for the second half's play—Andrada replaced Carrizo in goal, and Willington and Sacchi came on for Menotti and Rattin. The Paraguayans were well content to retain the same line-up as in the first half and four minutes after the resumption they were in the lead. Arambulo, who had a fine match, cleaved down the right wing before passing to Quinones who, in his turn, quickly slipped the ball to a totally unmarked Ayala. The left-winger hammered in a fierce shot that gave Andrada no chance at all.

Prodded

The strong play of substitute Sacchi and Varacka in midfield prodded the Argentinian forwards into several attacks until, after twelve minutes' play in the second half, Enrique Fernandez delicately picked his way around Monges and Insfran before passing the ball to Artime for the River Plate centre-forward to shoot the equaliser. Argentina then settled back again whilst Arambulo continued to send over a stream of centres. Argentina's right-back Navarro was slow to bring one of these under control and, with Andrada leaden-footed, Bassiano Rojas swept on the ball and shot it into the goal.

Now, with themselves leading by three goals to two, Paraguay decided to bring on their replacements! Silva in goal for Benitez, Eliseo Insfran for Quinones (the half-back Insfran is first-named Antonio) and Ramires for Bassiano Rojas. A little later they made a fourth substitution with Pablo Rojas coming on for Ayala. Argentina promptly made their fourth substitution—Oscar Rossi for Enrique Fernandez. The changes made no difference to the score-sheet as Paraguay, playing cool however excited they may have felt, successfully held on to their own goal lead.

Playing cool when you are in command of the situation was the order of the day for the Russians in the most important of the International matches played in Europe during the period. Two-nil winners of the

● *Continued on page 8*

Debutant Welsh international goalkeeper Gary Sprake made a good impression against Scotland. Here he saves from the attentions of the dark shirted Denis Law during the Hampden Park game. (M.P.I.)

BRIAN GLANVILLE discusses the present role of the powerful punchy leader

IT'S FASHIONABLE TO HAVE THIS TYPE OF CENTRE

"THE featherweight forwards of today should not be put into a team together. They should be included in a less brilliant combination—more 'concrete', better adapted to the football of today, which is wholly directed towards neutralising and obstructing opponents. ... Today even in Uruguay, the land of jugglers, they are importing goal scorers who weigh fourteen stone. And look at the statistics; they are all scoring masses of goals."

Thus the Italian critic. Giuseppe Melillo, writing more in sorrow than in anger, after Italy's elimination by Russia in the European Cup. It is quite true that, in the vital return match in Rome, the Italians put a featherweight attack into the field — Domenghini, Bulgarelli, Mazzola, Rivera, Menichelli—and found it opposed by a physically powerful and greatly reinforced Russian defence, against which it beat largely in vain.

Tottenham Hotspur and England centre-forward Bobby Smith is seen heading for goal in characteristic style. Brian Glanville proves that there is a real need for a leader of this style in modern soccer. (P.A.1.)

A comment by Rappan, the manager of Switzerland, is equally germane, I feel. "To score a goal, it takes something else besides virtuosity, technique; something that one can call enthusiasm, determination, will power; the name matters little."

Courage

In other words, when the modern forward gets into that packed penalty area, all his brilliant ball play, his subtle footwork, his acrobatic skills, are going to avail him nothing, unless he has the courage, the drive and, for preference, the physique to beat the defence.

Like it or not, there is much truth in the theory, as a look at recent, successful teams will bear out. Brazil, when they won the 1962 World Cup, had the priceless weapon of Vava, a strong, tough centre-forward who goes for crosses fearlessly, no matter how many defenders may be in attendance. It was his finishing, and Garrincha's, and Amarildo's, which enabled the Brazilians to hold on to the Cup, without playing anything like as much good football as they had played in 1958. Amarildo, meanwhile, provides a somewhat different example, for there is not a great deal of him. Yet what there is is strong and well sprung, powered, above all, by drive and determination. Anywhere near goal, Amarildo is quick and forceful.

One might say the same of Jimmy Greaves. To his flair for being in the right place at the right time as though by clairvoyance, he adds a complete disregard for physical risk. When Greaves goes for the ball —and he's a muscular little fellow—let defenders beware. He, transcendently, possesses those qualities which Rappan demands.

From this, it will be seen that Melillo's prescription for success demands to be qualified. Big men may be the answer in terms of finishing power, but they are not a unique answer, nor is it essential that a man should be big, to do the job. He may make up with the extreme skill of a Greaves, a Pelé or an Amarildo for his lack of bulk; but if he's a little man without that specific *finishing* skill and without the requisite courage, then he is at an immense disadvantage.

More, I am not wholly convinced of the ability of the smaller footballer to get goals, however talented, if there is not a bigger man beside him to distract attention, and takes some of the knocks. This, surely, is the value of Bobby Smith to Tottenham Hotspur and England. In terms of sheer skill, Smith is hardly an international centre-forward. Johnny Byrne of West Ham United, for example, leaves him toiling in the rear. When England overwhelmed Switzerland 8-1 in Basel, Byrne gave a centre-forward display which was a dazzling compound of balance, touch, distribution and sheer intelligence. But that was an easy, unimportant game which England were never going to do anything but win. I should not have been by any means so happy to see Byrne in the firing line for the two previous matches, against East Germany and Czechoslovakia, games in which Smith did thoroughly well against a punishing centre-half.

Menace

When a defence is looking anxiously for the physical challenge of Smith, it can devote proportionately less attention to containing the menace of Greaves. More, it will be less able physically to intimidate an attack.

Big centre-forwards, who seemed to have gone out with the Dodo, have come increasingly into fashion. Last season, in the European Cup, Benfica replaced the classic, peripatetic Aguas with the tall, strong, straightforward Torres, and though Torres has been in and out of the team this season, I am not so sure that for all their talent, they will not have to go back to him. Horst Nemec of Austria, a Drake at centre-forward, an Alf Kirchen on the right wing, has speed, power—and ball control—which make him one of the most dangerous attackers in Europe. France are using the hefty Goujon as striker.

Of course, one can always go too far in that direction. In the 1958 World Cup, Vittorio Pozzo, the old Italian team manager, accused England of "paving the way to brute force" with their use of Derek Kevan. Walter Winterbottom, then the team manager, undoubtedly has his private King Charles' Head in Kevan, who was retained for match after match, long after his deficiencies in international football had been shown up. But the failure of Kevan does not counterbalance the success of Bobby Smith. There are big centre-forwards and big centre-forwards; and Smith's all round sense of the game and distribution have probably been underrated. May one recall, too, the superb lob with which Smith beat Ramallets at Wembley, to score against Spain?

Are big men, then, essential to the modern attack? Is it impossible to field a successful forward line without at least one player of more than normal physique? The point is arguable; Hungary in the days of

WORLD CUP 1966 SERIES

Grounds and Organisation details

THE Football Association and the Federation Internationale de Football Association have agreed upon the dates and grounds for the Final Competition of the World Championship for the Jules Rimet Cup to be held in England in 1966, subject to inspection and clearance of the grounds by members of the F.I.F.A. World Cup Bureau.

It is thought that the mid-week matches will be played in the evenings with the second half played under floodlight (if necessary).

Saturday matches will be played in the afternoon.

Radio and Television

An agreement has been concluded between F.I.F.A. and the European Broadcasting Union for the radio and television coverage of the series. Other broadcasting and film contracts are being negotiated.

Administration

The Football Association has set up special offices in London to deal with the World Cup Organisation. Arrangements are being made to establish local liaison and organising committees in the centres where matches are to be played.

There will be four Groups: "A", "B", "C" and "D". Group "A" will comprise Wembley and the White City; "B" Newcastle United and Sunderland grounds; "C" Everton and Manchester United grounds and "D" will cover Sheffield Wednesday and Aston Villa grounds.

The opening rounds are as follows with matches listed at the grounds on which they will be played.

Tuesday, July 12: Wembley, Newcastle, Everton, Sheffield Wednesday.

Wednesday, July 13: Wembley, Sunderland, Manchester United, Aston Villa.

Friday, July 15: White City. Newcastle, Everton, Sheffield Wednesday.

Saturday, July 16: Wembley, Sunderland, Manchester United, Aston Villa.

Tuesday, July 19: Wembley, Newcastle, Everton, Sheffield Wednesday.

Wednesday, July 20: Wembley, Sunderland, Manchester United, Aston Villa.

Quarter-Finals

The quarter-finals will be played on **Saturday, July 23,** at Wembley, Sunderland, Everton and Sheffield Wednesday.

One **semi-final** will be played on **Tuesday, July 26,** at Everton, the other on **Wednesday, July 27,** at Wembley.

Match for **third and fourth place** will take place at Wembley on **Friday, July 29,** and the **Final** will also be at Wembley on **Saturday, July 30.**

F.I.F.A. warned all nations invited to take part in the 1966 World Cup series to reply before the closing date for entries which coincided with the middle of the month.

Countries who had signified their intention of participating at the time of going to press were: Netherlands, Yugoslavia, Austria, Poland, Turkey, Mexico, Bulgaria, Ethiopia, France, Argentina, Greece, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, West Germany, East Germany, Colombia, Russia, Peru, Trinidad, Australia, Portugal, Paraguay, Algeria, Scotland, Spain, Hungary, Wales, Belgium, Norway, North Korea, Rumania, South Africa, Gabon.

Brazil and England are ex-officio qualified for the final competition; Brazil as holders, England as hosts.

Next month further details of this competition will be given in WORLD SOCCER.

Footnote: Ground identification: Newcastle (St. James's Park), Sunderland (Roker Park), Everton (Goodison Park), Sheffield Wednesday (Hillsbrough), Manchester United (Old Trafford), Aston Villa (Villa Park).

Continued from previous page

Puskas, Kocsis and Hidegkuti had no giants in the attack, but on the other hand, all three were solid, well sprung players. The moral there, perhaps, is that three inside-forwards of fairly robust but unexceptional build can add up in striking power to one mastodon....

Weight of numbers in the penalty area and ruthless tackling have, alas, put behind us the days when small, clever forwards had enough space to score lots of goals. Whoever you are, there is not much you can do—and Greaves himself found this out when he went to Italy—if there are always a couple of men on you. Even the brilliant Wee Blue Devils of Scotland, with their incomparable trio of inside-forwards in Dunn, Gallacher and James, would have found it much harder to penetrate say, the German or Brazilian World Cup defence, than they did to riddle England's.

The big man, then, is fashionable again; the Ted Drake centre-forward is not an archaic figure, but one with a specific contemporary function to fulfil. A secondary function, if you wish—that of blazing the trail for players more technically gifted, if less physically endowed. But a function none the less. Your Byrnes will always have their distinguished place; but they are liable to need a Smith beside them.

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INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

● *Continued from page 5*

first leg match played in Moscow a month before, the Soviet Union, the holders of the European Nations Cup, could face the second leg knowing that Italy must play an open attacking game if they were to get the three goals needed for an aggregate victory. There must have been considerable temptation for the Russians to adopt a wholly defensive attitude. In fact, without of course ever launching all-out attacks that drew all their players upfield, they played what is likely to be their normal game for at least the next three years. Possibly they felt that with the return of Lev Yashin they had no need to consider any other special defensive measures!

Yashin, still glowing from his superb first half display against England three weeks before, was indeed the star of a vastly interesting match. There is an air of invincibility about Yashin that even the most insensitive of spectators must feel spreading upfield. The value of this to his team-mates — particularly the three backs of course, just cannot be measured. One of these, Moudrik at right-back, was playing in his first International in place of that most unlucky player, Edward Dubinsky. Dubinsky, you may recall, badly broke his leg in the Soviet Union's match against Yugoslavia in the World Cup in Chile and it was feared that he might not play again. He did and did so well enough to be back in the national team against Hungary in September and Italy in October. Then he again broke his leg in a Soviet League match.

Young Moudrik was an unexpected choice to fill the vacancy but he had a good first match against as useful a winger as Menichelli. His partner, Anatole Kroutikov of Spartak Moscow, also had a good match but the strong player of the Soviet rearguard was the Central Army player, Albert Shesternev —a centre-back much in the English tradition. Shesternev was one of the Russian's World Cup party as was also the right-half, Valery Voronin. But left-half, Victor Shustikov, like the backs, belongs to the "new" team.

Partner

Compared with their front line formation against Italy in the home leg, the Russians had Korolenkov and Gousarov "in" and Ponedelnik and Metreveli "out" but only outside-left Halimzyan Chusainov was in the same position. Korolenkov had moved up from left-half to inside-left to partner him, Gousarov led the attack, Ivanov moved from inside-left to inside-right, and Igor Chislenko from inside- to outside-right. Korolenkov's appearance in the front line might be interpreted as the familiar away leg device of carrying a spare defender in the forward line since he had been officially at left-half in the first match. But he was at inside-right earlier in the season against Sweden and there is no great distance between the role of a Soviet wing-half and an inside man. Their attacking strength is still from the wings with Chislenko and Husainov worthy followers of Metreveli and Meshki.

Italy also showed changes from the earlier match. Indeed, only five players were undisturbed—Facchetti the big left-back, the half-back line of Guarneri, Salvadore and Trapattoni, and the golden boy, Gianni Rivera, at inside-left. Bulgarelli had played at outside-right in the first match—now he moved inside and one of the season's leading goalscorers in Italian league football, Atalanta's Domenghini, came in at outside-right. Mazzola led the attack and Menichelli returned to outside-left. It was a good-looking Italian team and, although they seemed before the end to despair of ever beating Yashin, they played well enough to reassure those of us who have felt that Italy, perhaps more than any other country, will be the biggest danger to England's hopes of winning the World Cup as the host country in 1966.

The turning point of the match—or the most telling of a number of turns!—was Yashin's saving of Mazzola's penalty kick in the fifty-sixth minute. An equaliser then might well have sparked sufficient Italian fire for them to have pulled back the two goal deficit and gained a play-off. Whether the penalty was justified was extremely doubtful. Bulgarelli had made two previous dramatic dives after being strongly but quite fairly tackled. These the Swiss referee M. Mellet had ignored with the indifference they deserved. But Bulgarelli persisted and gained his penalty with the third dive. It would have been unjust had a goal resulted but as it happened Yashin dived the right way and the unlucky victim of the incident was Mazzola, the reluctant taker of the penalty, whose play for the next twenty minutes or so was that of a man for whom nothing would come right.

One other Nations Cup-tie was completed during the month under review with Hungary drawing at home against East Germany to maintain the advantage they had gained in Berlin in October. Norway finished a busy season of eight Full International matches in six months with away matches against Switzerland and Scotland that served to remind us again of the topsy-turvy nature of International soccer. After holding Sweden to a draw in August, Norway crashed 9-0 against Poland and 4-0 against Denmark. Then they travelled to Zurich and beat the Swiss by two goals to nil before coming to Glasgow to play a return match against Scotland. In June Norway had surprised everyone, including themselves that is, by beating Scotland 4-3, despite a hat-trick for Scotland by Denis Law. Law went one better in the return match in Glasgow—he scored four goals.

The answer

But what did these results make of Switzerland? Before a week was out we had the answer —they were able to force a two-all draw against France in Paris! Less topsy-turvy was the performance in the Rumania–Denmark Olympic Qualifying tie. Back in June Rumania beat the Danes by the odd goal in five in Copenhagen in the first leg—the Danes twice levelling the score but never really recovering from the shock of Constantin's goal for Rumania in the fourth minute. Later Denmark beat Albania 4-0 in Copenhagen, drew with Sweden and beat Norway before travelling to the Balkans to play the second leg matches of the Nations Cup (against Albania) and, a few days later, the Olympic Qualifying Competition (against Rumania). They lost one-nil in Tirana after playing a defensive game throughout and, with a goal in hand in addition to home advantage, the Rumanians could well feel that what the Albanians had done they could certainly do. In fact this was a totally different Danish eleven—in style not in players (they were the same as against Albania). Their young inside-right, Kjeld Thorst, opened the scoring for them after only fifteen seconds' play to wipe out the Rumanians' advantage, and scored again in the eleventh minute to put Denmark ahead on aggregate. Carl Bertelsen put them further ahead seven minutes later.

In the last minute of the first half, however, that useful wing-half, Petru, reduced Rumania's arrears and in the second half the same player got the goal that equated the aggregate score. The final result of course was the exact reverse of that of the first leg. Now, as the month ends, comes the first news of the play-off. Again, after extra time, the score was 3-2 and the winning goal went to Rumania—they must be amongst the favourites to win the Olympics title.

Hungarian champions Ferencvaros on parade. Crouching: Kokeny, Albert, Friedmanazky, Fenyvesi II, Rakosi and Dr. Fenyvesi. Centre: Vilezsal, Havasi, Crosz, Meszaros (coach), Nemeth, Kocsis and Varga. Back: Novak, Aczel, Geczi, Szager, Dalnoki, Matrai. (Keystone.)

BRIAN MARSHALL talks to two prominent Englishmen . . .

A MORE COMPETITIVE ATMOSPHERE NEEDED

European familiarity is the answer to the problem

WHILE the Football League are struggling to put their own house in order it is refreshing to hear of an Englishman with enough foresight to see that only top competition will improve the general standard of play in England.

It is argued that the present home international series is a poor comparison to the games that would be provided by top flight regular matches against other European countries.

The man who has come up with the idea to reorganise the present international set-up is Major H. Wilson Keys, former chairman of West Bromwich Albion. Still a member of that Midland club's board, Major Keys has always been acknowledged as a progressive thinking soccer administrator and it is to his credit that he has set the machinery in motion to achieve a better standard of international soccer.

His suggestion is so simple that it is amazing that it has not been put into operation years ago. But like any innovation, it has been staring everyone in the face for years.

We have had the World Cup; the European Cup; the Cup winners competition and several other minor club attractions. Now Major Keys has suggested to the Football Association that they seek the views of their counterparts on the Continent to the formation of a European International League.

Major Keys feels that the Football Association, as the oldest organised soccer body in the world, should be the instigators of such a move.

He says: "Home internationals were all well and good sixty years ago and served a very useful purpose but we should now set our sights higher.

"With travel made all the more easier these days, very few complications would arise. Spectators and players alike would welcome the matches as they would entail competitive matches at their best."

Competitive

His suggestion is that there should be groups of four countries. With promotion and relegation, the competitive spirit would always be alive.

Initially, the F.I.F.A. would group the countries. They would use the current results as a guide. Colleagues Gordon Jeffery, Roger Macdonald and Eric Batty, would no doubt quickly give their accurate lists which have appeared in WORLD SOCCER from time to time.

Personally, I am in favour of Major Keys' suggestion. As I advocated last month, the need for European competition at club level is also desirable.

England, as usual, has taken the initiative in taking this suggestion. Let's hope that other countries warm to the move in the same way. If they do, I, for one, will feel that the game, which operates in fits and starts, will at long last be organised on a correct international footing.

The need for such a competition is emphasised by the general untidy approach many countries have to the game. Close season tours may be a good holiday for the players but they never appear to be the true answer to the problem of preparing a World Cup side.

It is this competitive atmosphere in every game which, I think, will appeal to the majority. Anyone declining the invitation will consequently suffer in the World stakes. And no one can afford this predicament.

Therefore, Major H. Wilson Keys deserves every praise for putting forward the suggestion. Let us hope that Mr. Joe Mears, the new chairman of the Football Association, will be successful in persuading the other countries that it is in their benefit to join.

Amazing

A short while ago I interviewed Jesse Pennington, the eighty-year-old former West Bromwich Albion and England left-back, at his new bungalow at Stourport, Worcestershire. The most amazing statement he made was that during his whole career he never did more than three hours' hard training during the week.

In view of current times when professional players with English Football League clubs get through about twelve hours a week, this question needs careful examination.

Pennington's training schedule is in fact very similar to professional footballers on the Continent. Inter-Milan's star manager-coach, Helenio Herrera, is one person who believes that too much training is harmful to a player.

On average it is estimated that the Italians only get through about three hours' physical training a week. It is argued that this is sufficient for any professional who should to all intents and purposes be physically fit to be taking part in the sport.

On this island, however, it is the contention of the players, managers and trainers that the majority of the training should be physical. Only recently I heard of two teams who held no less than four practice matches in *one* week.

Major H. Wilson Keys, ex-Chairman of West Bromwich Albion and a far-sighted soccer enthusiast. (W.I.)

Surely, this will have a detrimental effect upon the players concerned. The managers of these clubs cannot honestly expect their players to be in perfect shape following such exhausting training stints. This is the possible explanation why so many players are accused of leaving their best form on the training grounds. Managers cannot have it both ways.

I'm of the school that in most sports it is mind over matter that comes out on top when the final scores are counted. It stands to reason that the more skilful player is the one who thinks about his game. This attitude cannot be achieved by brute force of hard physical training.

Pennington told me: "I used to go to the ground twice a week and all told I would do about three hours' hard training. I found that this kept me in top class condition and I never had reason to doubt my training as I experienced no serious trouble throughout my career."

● *Continued on page 25*

AUSTRALIAN SOCCER ROUND-UP INCLUDES A REPORT ON THE CUP FINAL

WELSHMAN SPARKS A SLAVIA VICTORY

Story by ANDREW DETTRE

THE very end of October saw the Australian season close down for a rest. The finale was the Australia Cup final, played in Melbourne's Olympic Park between Slavia and Polonia, two local clubs. The Poles, with former internationals like Zientara, Jankowski and Janczyk among their ranks, were odds-on favourites to take out the title and the £2,500 prize donated by a large tobacco firm.

The first match, watched by some 14,000 people and televised "live" to Sydney, some 600 miles away, was a fiasco. The hot, humid weather had a horrible effect on the players who performed well below their best. The game ended in a 0-0 draw.

When it was announced that no extra time would be played but the match would be repeated, the crowd, already annoyed by the dull spectacle and high admission charges (ten shillings), staged a long and hostile demonstration against the organisers.

The repeat final, one week later, was a triumph for Slavia, a team formed many years ago by Czechoslovak migrants but now composed of ten British and one Latvian players. Down 0-2 with a quarter of an hour to go, Slavia came back to equalise with seconds to spare and then went on to win the match 3-2 in the extra time.

Hero

Hero of the victorious Slavia team was former Welsh international centre-forward Des Palmer, who scored a hat-trick. Palmer, who arrived in Melbourne recently from South Africa, draws £40 a week from his club and is one of the best paid soccer stars in the country. This time he well earned his keep.

Another man who played his heart out for Slavia was little Johnny Sanchez, formerly with Gravesend and now rated as Melbourne's best left-half.

If Australian crowds have been dissatisfied with the standard of matches lately — as they have — the long drawn out season can be blamed for it. The year started out with a cup tourney late in January and ended in late October. This, for teams training twice a week at night and using players who also have daytime occupations, had predictable results. Towards the end of the season most players lost their form, became jaded, irritable and tired. And so did the spectators.

For 1964 the Australian Federation seems to have big plans. In March a Russian team is expected to play eight matches here, probably Moscow Dynamo or Moscow Spartak. Then, at the end of May, the Liverpool "millionaires" Everton plan a tour of Australian cities. Both would be tremendous attractions but the question is, how can two such lengthy tours be accommodated in the Australian soccer calendar without totally disrupting the competition? To iron out the problems secretary Bob Clark and president Theo Marmaras went to London, Zurich and Moscow and had discussions with various soccer officials.

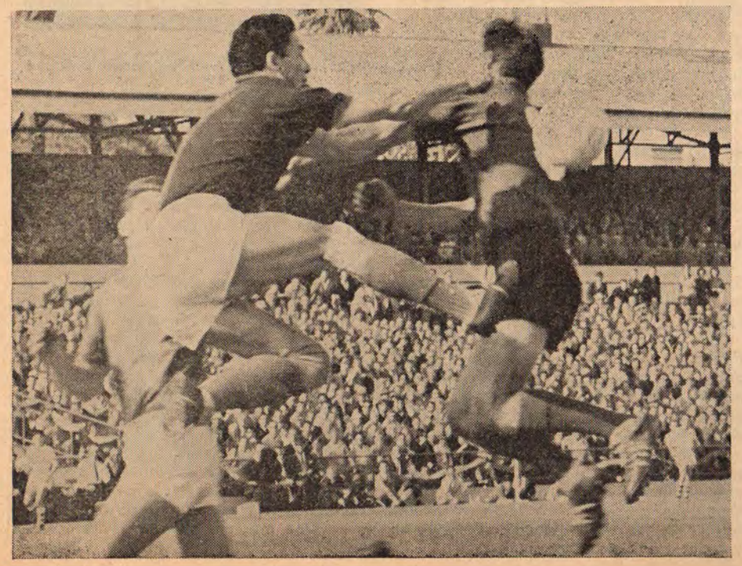
End of December will be eventful for Australia: three top F.I.F.A. officials will come here for a look-see trip. They are Sir Stanley Rous, Dr. Barassi and Dr. Kaser. Rumours have it that they are keen to help the Australian Federation streamline its rather archaic organisation and also to investigate the possibility of paving the way for Australia's integration in Asia's soccer machinery. Dissatisfaction with the administration among the clubs is so widespread that the three F.I.F.A. officials will be undoubtedly flooded with complaints, plans, suggestions and counter-suggestions from all sides. One rather cynical opinion is that they should stay in Sydney for at least a year and work like devils to straighten out the fortunes of Australian soccer administration. Maybe it could be done in one year, if they worked hard.

Captured

On the club front, the interesting news is that British players have finally captured the imagination of club officials and have replaced the Austrians, Germans, Hungarians and Greeks as the most desirable "imports". Most Sydney clubs are planning to sign on players from English or Scottish clubs for 1964. Jim Kelly, the ex-Blackpool wing-half, who is undoubtedly the most popular player in Australia, is back in England now looking for talent to strengthen his club South Coast United which he coaches and captains.

South America, particularly Argentina, also supply some players for Australian clubs. Eduardo Massey, the thirty-one-year-old Argentine-born Sydney star, is now back in Buenos Aires on a visit and is expected to return to Sydney in January with half a dozen players from Argentine and Uruguay. Massey, who previously played with Real Oviedo in Spain and Belenenses in Portugal, is one of the greatest ball artists who ever came to this country. Now captain-coach of Croatia in Sydney, he wants to settle down in Australia for good and take up coaching full-time once he retires from soccer.

★ The writer of this article would be pleased to advise any British player who wants to go to Australia. You can write to him at: Andrew Dettre, Box 5061 G.P.O. Sydney, Australia.



Audato Iglesias, who ten seasons ago played for Real Madrid, punches away from Prague centre-forward Brian Tristram, a Scot. Iglesias is now with APIA. The two teams met in the final of the Sydney competition, APIA winning 3-2 before 20,000 spectators. (O.)

Player Portrait of Gerhard Hanappi

by ERIC BATTY

HAMMERED out of the Nations Cup by the Republic of Ireland, Austrian football, once the pride of mitteleuropa has never been at a lower ebb, and though their F.A. has decided to enter for the 1966 World Cup, it seems that their chances of even qualifying for the final stages are negligible — and certainly no better than they were for the last series when the Osterreicher Fussball Bund decided their team wasn't good enough.

Against this background, the quarrel between the national team boss Karli Decker and SC Rapid's brilliant play anywhere star Gerhard Hanappi represents a double tragedy, first because Hanappi's record of international appearances stands at ninety-six and had it not been for the squabble that arose last year he would certainly have joined the illustrious little band of century makers, but also because at a time when the Austrian squad needs his inspiration most, he has been ruled hors de combat. (Hanappi is left, above.)

Hanappi, born in Vienna on February 16, 1929, and voted Austria's "Footballer of the Year" seven times in a row, is now in brilliant form — better perhaps than at any other time in his career, but eighteen months ago he experienced the occasional "bad-patch" that comes to everyone in turn. With Decker's team doing badly, the Czechs, fresh from their Chile triumph, visited Vienna and hammered out a 6-0 win. Hanappi, out of form and dejected, was given the run around by the Czechs, and the bird by the crowd. Disappointed by the attitude of the Prater public he asked to be left out.

Later Hanappi returned but soon there arose the squabble with Herr Decker, who says Hanappi used to be a very close personal friend. They played together for Rapid many times, and when he returned from a coaching job in Sweden to take over the Austrian team they got on fine, Hanappi as captain, Decker as the boss. Then, continues Hanappi, "I was dropped", and where before Decker had always phoned to ask his opinions, and tell him the team after the decisions had been taken, this time there was no word, no explanation. Ignored by Decker, Hanappi saw the team in the newspapers beneath headlines which screamed "Hanappi dropped". Months went by and, still upset, Hanappi decided to quit international football. He told the press, who made it common knowledge, but later with the Austrian squad desperately in need of an experienced player of Hanappi's ability, Decker phoned and asked him to play in the "revenge" match against the Czechs. Hanappi refused — and now he says "even if I agreed and Decker wanted me, the OFB would bar me!"

AN ARCHITECT ON AND OFF THE FIELD

Reorganised

Watching the "Wunderteam" as a boy, and playing his earliest football in the parks of Vienna, Hanappi joined SC Wacker and when league football was reorganised after the war he found himself at seventeen in the club's first team. Two years later in 1948, he got his first cap — at right-half against Sweden. Austria won 2-1, and from then on Hanappi began to establish himself among the soccer greats. In the company of Ocwirk, Gerhardt, the Melchior brothers and Probst, Hanappi helped create a new wunderteam almost as successful as the great side of the 'thirties. A 6-1 win over Hungary, their old rivals, was one of their peak achievements, and among a stream of impressive victories, they drew 2-2 at Wembley in 1951 where England had never previously failed to win against a foreign side. By 1954 the team was beginning to break up, but they still managed to reach the last four in the World Cup.

Hanappi now became the backbone of the side, as the old hands faded out, and Ocwirk, Stojaspal, Happel and Melchior went abroad to turn professional. Hanappi also attracted attention from the big money clubs, but rejected them all, preferring to remain in Vienna where he was building up a big reputation off the field as an architect, but one offer he would have accepted was k.o.'d by the OFB.

On tour in South America during the Austrian's customary mid-winter break in the 1953–54 campaign SC Rapid met Millonarios F.C. and River Plate in a friendly tournament in Bogota. After drawing 1-1 against the Millonarios, Hanappi and his Rapid colleague Golobic were asked to stay in Colombia — Millonarios promising Hanappi one million schillings. Though his business was booming, Hanappi couldn't refuse £14,000 in cash, but the OFB brought in a rule that barred their players joining foreign clubs until after their thirtieth birthday and that ended Hanappi's dreams of South America.

Sunderland F.C. also approached Rapid in 1956 — offering the club £20,000. Rapid told Hanappi and promised him a share of the fee in the form of a "pension" but again the OFB vetoed the move, and Hanappi reconciled himself to football in the National-liga.

Though the big money evaded him, the honours came fast — ninety-six caps and twice invited to play for the teams chosen to represent Europe. The first in 1953 was against England, when Hanappi turned out at left-back to face Stanley Matthews largely because there wasn't a full-back anywhere in sight who could even hope to match the master at that time. Hanappi, no full-back really, kept Matthews quiet — which virtually made him a hero.

Two years later Hanappi was again invited to play for the Rest against a Great Britain side in Belfast. This time the occasion was the Irish F.A.'s seventy-fifth anniversary, but Hanappi was unable to accept. At the time he was credited with remarks like "British football is nothing now — it wouldn't be worth travelling half-way round the world to play", but in fact he was in Australia touring with Rapid. The club contract insisted that Hanappi (and goalkeeper star Walter Zeman) *must* play in every game and with a three match per week programme it was impossible to fly to Belfast and back without missing a game.

A brilliant ball player, intelligent in everything he does, Hanappi is still the darling of all Vienna, and one of the world's outstanding stars.

European Commentary looks at the present position as it stands in Scandinavian soccer for both Sweden and Norway

REAL CAST-OFF IS A STAR AT HOME AGAIN

by Gordon Jeffery

IFK Goteborg 6 Norrkoping 0 — that was the quite startling, except that it scarcely mattered, last day of the season result in Sweden in 1963! Scarcely mattered because, although this emphatic victory did enable Goteborg to slip above Djurgarden to take fifth place in the Championship table, it made no difference to Norrkoping's retention of the title — they were four points ahead of second club, Degerfors, before the last round of matches were played.

Degerfors meanwhile, in an exciting second half that saw the score change from one-nil to six-four, beat near-bottom club Hammarby to keep their own one-point lead over AIK, last day victors over the bottom club, Halmia. Degerfors and AIK thus reversed their previous season's placings but generally, as the following table with last season's positions in parentheses shows, there was little change in Sweden beyond the decline of Halsingborg and some revival by Orgryte — now that Agne Simonsson is home to stay the latter can expect even more improvement in 1964.

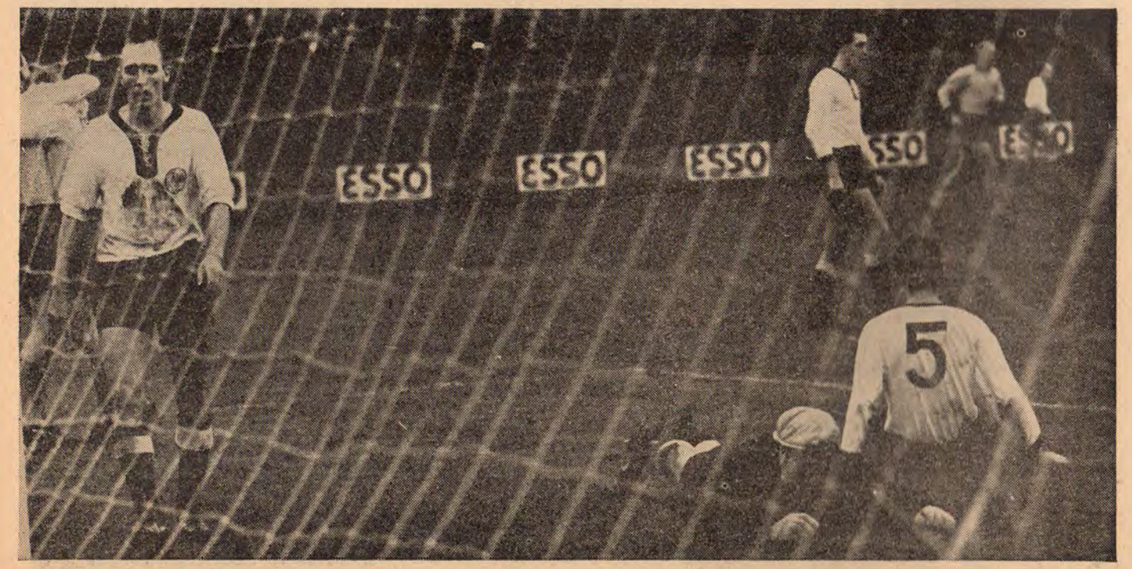
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Norrkoping (1)	22	12	7	3	47	30	31
Degerfors (3)	22	14	1	7	48	32	29
AIK (2)	22	10	8	4	42	28	28
Malmo FF (6)	22	11	5	6	43	31	27
Goteborg (4)	22	11	4	7	52	31	26
Djurgarden (7)	22	10	6	6	37	34	26
Orgryte (11)	22	10	1	11	36	34	21
Orebro (9)	22	6	8	8	31	33	20
Halsingborg (5)	22	7	5	10	33	47	19
Elfsborg (10)	22	7	4	11	29	42	18
Hammarby (8)	22	5	4	13	43	60	14
Halmia (12)	22	1	3	18	28	67	5

I wrote in the September issue of WORLD SOCCER about the first half of the Swedish season and a quick comparison between the positions in the table then and the final placings, spotlights many of the features of the autumn half. At the end of the first half Norrkoping were clear leaders with eighteen points out of the possible twenty-two. It was well for them that they had opened up that early lead because on the autumn results alone they would have been down to seventh place — that is, in the bottom half. Ahead of them, on autumn results, were Malmo FF who gained sixteen points compared with only eleven in the first half of the season; Degerfors and Djurgarden who each gained fifteen compared with fourteen and eleven respectively; and Goteborg, A.I.K. and Orgryte who, like Norrkoping, gained thirteen points in the autumn half but who all had much better goal averages than did the champions.

Norrkoping's decline is indeed perhaps even more apparent in terms of goals for and against than in points. In their first eleven matches they scored twenty-five goals and conceded only eight. After the summer break, in the autumn eleven matches they scored and conceded the same number of goals — twenty-two. They had, in other words, not only scored three less themselves, they had conceded fourteen more.

Orgryte's revival dates directly from the return of Agne Simonsson. Until then Orgryte had added just two more wins to the four they had gained in the first half of the season and played their lone draw of the entire campaign. Then came Simonsson and the revival — three successive victories by the same score of three goals to nil against Elfsborg, Degerfors and Halmia, and an odd goal in five win over Malmo FF (who lost only one other match during the autumn half) before in the final match of the season, Orgryte gave best to Halsingborg by two goals to one.

Simonsson's return from Spain came too late for him to get amongst the sixteen players who scored ten or more goals during the League campaign. Four months ago I see that I noted that at the mid-season "four share the leading place in the goal-scorers' list with nine goals each (a good tally from eleven matches) — Lars Heineman (Degerfors), Ove Kindvall (Norrkoping), Bo Larson (Malmo FF) and Lars Nordin (Hammarby)".



Willi Schultz (left) goes to retrieve the ball after Sweden's first goal in the international with West Germany. Prostrate and pondering goalkeeper is Switzki and No. 5 is Leo Wilder. Sweden won 2-1 at the Rasunda Stadium, Stockholm. (Planet.)

Switzerland's Lemgruber (right) just clears from the onrushing French centre-forward Goujon in the 2-2 draw in Paris between the two countries. (Planet.)

As the autumn half of the season progressed, Nordin and Kindvall — the latter reflecting Norrkoping's less assured form — dropped out of the race but the other two half-way leaders kept in front until with a match to play, Larsson lead with seventeen goals and Heineman followed with sixteen. Larsson's club, Malmo FF, won their final match against Djurgarden 2-1 but their goals came from Lars Granstrom and Rolf Eriksson so Bo Larsson stayed on seventeen. Degerfors meantime, as I mentioned before, had a striking 6-4 final match and although he scored only one of their six goals, that one was sufficient to bring Lars Heineman back to a tied first place with Larsson.

Stealing something of Heineman's goal-scoring thunder for Degerfors on that last day was Tord Grip whose hat-trick enabled him to move into third place in the over-all goalscorers' list — with sixteen goals. Grip was still not the top individual scorer of the day because Owe Ohlsson got four of IFK's six against Norrkoping.

Four was the highest single-match tally throughout the season — in addition to Ohlsson's four against Norrkoping, Bo Larsson, early in the season, got four in Malmo's 6-1 win over Halmia, and "Bebben" Johansson the same in IFK's 5-3 victory over Djurgarden in mid-August. (Although IFK dropped a place in the table compared with last season they headed the club scoring list with fifty-two in twenty-two matches but even that would not come up to a century of goals in an English League season of forty-two matches.)

A brace

Tord Grip's hat-trick against Hammarby was his second of the season — the first was against Halmia just one week before, and that experienced Swedish international player, Harry Bild, was the only other player to ring up a brace of hat-tricks. Bild — his club is Norrkoping, and Soren Haggstrom of AIK, shared fourth place in the goal-scoring list with fifteen goals. After them came Ove Kindvall (Norrkoping) fourteen; "Bebben" Johansson (Goteborg) thirteen; and Bjorn Carlsson (AIK), Krister Granbom (Halsingborg), Lars Nordin (Hammarby) and Lars Sjostrom (Halmia) all with twelve goals. Sjostrom's appearance in the list is the more meritorious since his club, Halmia, managed only twenty-eight goals throughout the season and during the autumn half their record was the sad one of eleven matches played, eleven matches lost!

International matches find their place in the Post-Mortem feature in WORLD SOCCER and I do not like to spread them over into this Continental commentary, but there is plenty of evidence gathering in Europe to state a case for Sweden's return to the high soccer rating she reached in 1958 — runners-up, of course, to Brazil in the World Cup. Unfortunately whilst her fellow-Scandinavians, Denmark, have to meet Luxembourg in the quarter-finals of the Nations Cup, Sweden have been drawn against the holders and the favourites (mine, at any rate), the Soviet Union. This match would have made a good Final in itself! The point I am seeking, however, is that Sweden's national team (really *teams* since they have an Olympic eleven also in action) are in good shape and that it is worth looking a little longer at their domestic set-up since this influences the International strength.

Sweden is not a large country — total population under seven and a half million, but there is a solid core of soccer enthusiasts — and spectators. The average attendance of the latter at Swedish League matches in the 1963 season was 11,176. The highest individual attendance was 43,261 at the Stockholm "derby" match between Djurgarden and AIK — that was in mid-September and in the earlier meeting of the same two clubs in the first half of the season there was an attendance of 38,048 — the second best. Stockholm also attracted the third highest — 35,255 for Djurgarden–Norrkoping's September match. Best attendance in Goteborg was the 31,532 who saw IFK beat Orgryte 3-1 in August. Lowest of the season were the two thousand and fifty-two faithful fans who watched Halmia's last home match of the season — against Degerfors who won by four goals to one. But there is another angle on Swedish attendances: one noted in the November issue of the *F.A. News* by Paul Schneeberger — *"When Degerfors played Norrkoping at home the attendance was 21,065: and Degerfors has only 9,000 inhabitants!"*

Even allowing, and applauding, their victory over the Swiss in Zurich one cannot think of Norway attaining the same high world rating as their neighbours, but at least in their 1963 season there were two clubs who, on the Football League forty-two-match basis, topped the century-standard for goal scoring! Top of the table Sports Club Brann of Bergen and the eighth (or bottom but two!) club Valerengen of Oslo. The final table showing the goal and points record was:

	P	F	A	Pts.
Brann Bergen	18	46	27	24
Lyn Oslo	18	38	28	23
Skeid Oslo	18	41	26	20
Fredrikstad	18	32	25	20
Frigg, Oslo	18	31	40	18
Sarpsborg	18	26	35	17
Viking	18	26	37	17
Valerengen	18	44	37	16
Steinkjer	18	23	34	14
Gjovik-Lyn	18	29	47	11

That I make to be a nicely balanced table indicative of a season of keenly contested, evenly matched fixtures. There is a three-point gap between the third and fourth placed pair, Skeid and Fredrikstad, and Lyn who finished as runners-up to Brann, and a similar three-point gap between the bottom two clubs, Steinkjer and Gjovik-Lyn, but elsewhere there is never more than a couple of points, and usually only one, separating clubs in the final table. It was not surprising that the end of season Norwegian Cup Final was likewise a very closely fought match.

Exception

The "Cup" does matter in Norway and is not a competition artificially revived to throw up an entrant for the European Cup-Winners Cup competition. It was first competed for in 1902 and, except for the period from 1941–1944 when Norway was under Nazi occupation, it has been competed for every year since then. It is, it occurs to me in passing, probably a little tactless even to mention the European competition since last year's Norwegian Cup Winners, Gjovik–Lyn, had the unhappy experience in the European contest this year of being routed by the new boys, Apoel of Cyprus, when we all expected that the fate of Cyprus clubs in European competitions could only be a succession of defeats with

● *Continued on page 32*

OUR MAN ON THE SPOT IN FRANCE REPORTS ON LATEST EVENTS

Bulgar Bogey is laid

Jerry Weinstein's Paris Newsletter

THE past two months have been exciting and controversial in France. It has been the time of "B.B." and "K". By "B.B." I do not mean Miss Bardot but the Bulgarian Bogey which has been well and truly laid. But the victory over Bulgaria, which enabled France to qualify for the last eight in the European Nations Cup competition, whilst being extremely meritorious in view of the circumstances which I shall describe, should be kept in perspective. After all, as somebody has remarked, even Luxembourg have reached the same stage with their startling victory over the Dutch!

I returned from a flying visit to Wembley to see the Rest of the World match with a feeling of sadness that at long last Raymond Kopa is over the top. It is true that there were many present who felt that he was holding himself back for the France v. Bulgaria match scheduled to be played a few days later. But one can always see when a player is striving desperately to avoid injury and this was not the case with Kopa at Wembley. Incidentally, I was much impressed by this newly confident England side, especially with Jimmy Armfield, but I share Manager Alf Ramsay's views that it remains to be seen just how much can be expected in the future.

Arriving back in France I ran straight into the "K" scandal. Kopa joined his French team-mates at their training headquarters at Rueil but left the same day announcing that he was not going to play against Bulgaria! And this just forty-eight hours before the vital game! I have already referred to the long-standing slanging match between Team Selector Georges Verriest and Raymond. At one point Verriest and Manager Henri Guérin went a little too far in accusing Kopa of being deliberately unco-operative, refusing to mix with his team-mates, treating them as subordinates and other allegations. I do not repeat those here because I think Kopa might well have enough grounds to bring an action for slander! Anyway, having been recalled to the French team, in part through public outcry at his original omission stemming, many thought, from Kopa's harsh words about the French Football Federation, he felt it necessary to obtain a public apology from Guérin. When he failed to get this, he walked out and declined to play for France.

Unreasonable

Having been suspended recently for his criticism of the "slave world" of football and been punished by two weeks' suspension, Kopa has now been suspended for a month as a reward for taking his stand. There is much to be said on both sides. If he was to play again in the French side it was not unreasonable for him to expect those running the team to withdraw some of the less justifiable remarks they made to his discredit. On the other hand, and I think public opinion holds this view, he should have swallowed his pride and given of his best on the football field for France. If he had done that *and* the public were informed that the allegations had not been withdrawn, then he would have had everybody on his side. His now solemn strictures of the contract system which has nonetheless enabled him personally to make a small fortune also sound a little odd, though it may be that he had to think through the problems more carefully than most before taking his stand. But his presence was singularly missing when the French Professional Footballers Association, under the Chairmanship of Just Fontaine, was formed and in all its early tractations with officialdom. Anyway, I cannot now see Raymond Kopa ever again wearing the blue shirt of France and it is indeed a sad end to the brilliant international career of France's most gifted player of modern times.

Thank heavens — and luckily for Kopa in the circumstances — the French side played magnificently against Bulgaria and won 3-1. The match was a triumph in particular for Robbie Herbin, the guiding light who dominated the mid-field play. France's success was the more unexpected since in addition to the absence of Kopa a number of players originally selected could not play because of injury. Rodzik returned to right-back in place of Adamczyck, Ferrier came in for Théo to join Herbin in the 2 link between the 4 and 4, Goujon was recalled instead of Cossou and finally eighteen-year-old Georges Lech of Lens made his international début in place of Kopa. A lively winger in the style of his predecessor Wisniewski, Lech made a good first appearance. The French goals were scored by Goujon (two) and Herbin with Yakimov scoring a consolation goal for Bulgaria.

This was only the fourth victory France has achieved — all at home incidentally — in twenty internationals but this was the key match of the season, so there has been much rejoicing. But there has since been a tinge of sadness for France could only hold Switzerland to a 2-2 draw subsequently. There were extenuating circumstances: as long as France had a fit team they were in complete command and had a 2-0 lead. Then came an unfortunate injury to Chorda and the French were back on their heels with Pottier (on his "home" ground — the Parc des Princes which is shared between his club Stade Français and Racing Club de Paris) leading a not unpromising Swiss side to score two goals and save a national prestige which sorely needs comfort. Switzerland have not won a match for over two years! On this performance, all the same, Karl Rappan need not worry; he has much youthful talent. The French side, incidentally, was the same as that which defeated Bulgaria except for Piumi of Valenciennes who took over from the injured René Ferrier of St. Etienne.

Despite an uneasy start, the Principality of Monaco is all smiles now. Top of the League again with a series of convincing victories they are but a goal-average ahead of Toulouse, surprise team of the season, and Jean Snella's St. Etienne, a team full of enterprise and bright attacking football. Indeed, this season, youth is being given its head. The experienced sides like Reims and Nîmes are doing rather poorly. Racing, after a poor patch, are back on the warpath with the return to form of Heutte and the advent of two sprightly inside-forwards Watteau and Kula whose combined ages total thirty-seven. Racing once again have scored more goals than any other team in the First Division.

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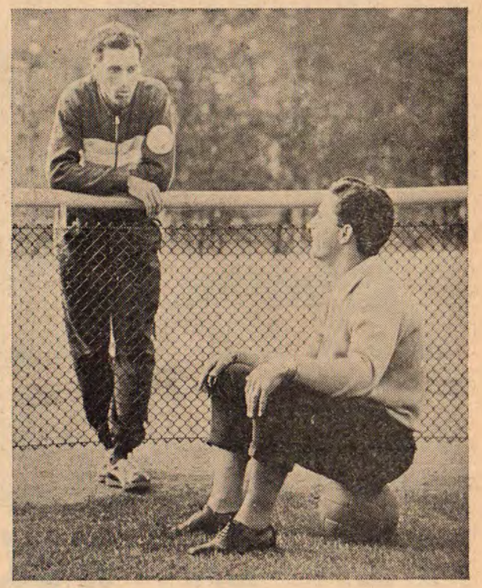
The story of the Argentine's most prosperous football club

Out of current stardom—but not for long

BOCA JUNIORS ARE THE ARSENAL OF SOUTH AMERICA

says Roger Macdonald



Sanfilippo shows Varacka (River Plate) the best way to trap the ball—when you're not playing in a match and can spare the time! Varacka apparently is not amused. (Metelmann.)

ARGENTINA is not one of the most stable countries on earth. Her economy is precarious, her people poor, her army fond of internal power-politics. Whenever there is a revolution in South America, the odds are heavily in favour of Argentina being involved. Riots, coups d'état and governmental resignations occur at regular intervals.

All this makes the Boca Juniors football club something of an anachronism. The brainchild of financier, industrialist and property-owner Alberto J. Armando, Boca are by far the most prosperous club in Argentina, wealthier than River Plate, perhaps as rich as Santos a few thousand miles to the north. Yet they are watched by people who can ill-spare the "pesos", and they play in one of the poorest sectors of Buenos Aires.

No one knows exactly how many Italians sailed from Europe to Argentina. Between 1857 and 1887 it was perhaps 1,200,000; between 1887 and 1930 perhaps as many as 6,000,000. A fair proportion of these settled down in the industrial sector of Buenos Aires, in the little streets off the broad Paseo Cólon avenue, running in an "S" bend to the waterfront, where the Richuelo flows into the Plata. This district, full of artists, cabarets and Italian cafés in cobblestone streets and quaint multi-coloured houses, has a Bohemian air. Its name, as you will have guessed, is the Boca, and this is where Boca Juniors were born, in 1905.

Argentinian football was then in its infancy. The League had been in progress since 1891, when a club called Saint Andrews had won the Championship. As the successful team was Carter, Penman, Waters, Francis, Buchanan, Smith, Caldwell, Moffat, Dounes, Morgan and Brown, there are no prizes for guessing the nationality of its members. Other British clubs such as the English High School dominated the Championship during the final decade of the nineteenth century.

But then the Italians began to arrive in ever increasing numbers. Many had sailed from Genoa, where *calcio* was popular, and their enthusiasm proved highly infectious at Buenos Aires. New clubs were formed, such as Gimnasia y Esgrima del la Plata in 1887, and Rosario Central in 1889. Englishmen and Italians joined together to found clubs for cricket and football, at River Plate, Racing Club de Avellande, and Newell's Old Boys de Rosario. In 1905 came Boca, a year younger than Argentinos Juniors, a few weeks younger than Independiente.

Even the most charitable historian would be hard put to find something notable about Boca's early history. They backed the wrong horse when a split occurred in the Association between 1912 and 1934, winning what was decidedly the weaker of the two Leagues in 1919, 1920, 1923, 1924 and 1926. During these same seasons Racing, River Plate, San Lorenzo (twice in succession) and Independiente respectively were the rival champions.

Boca were outright winners in 1930, when the rival groups merged; but the split reappeared the following season over the question of professionalism. This time, however, the Juniors joined the ranks of the big clubs, and they had the distinction of winning the first full professional championship in Argentine football.

Three wins

Their star player was F. Varallo, who had a lethal right foot, and topped the goal-scoring charts with twenty-eight goals. He did even better two years later, scoring thirty-three times, but Boca had to concede first place to River Plate that season. But the club still managed to win the League three times in four years, 1932, 1934 and 1935, when the splinter group was re-absorbed.

Varallo was not the only goal-scoring forward. The star of the attack was Benitez Caceres, the first of many top foreign players to be attracted to the Juniors. Born in Paraguay, Caceres stayed with Boca from 1933 until 1939, when he joined Racing B.A. Except during 1937, when he missed many games through injury, the Paraguayan averaged twenty goals a season. Only Bernabé Ferreyra of River Plate, said to be able to kick a football harder than any man before or since, was a more prolific scorer.

In all, Caceres scored 192 goals in the Argentinian League, but he could not bring the Championship back to Boca Juniors after 1935. Eventually, in 1939, Boca reluctantly looked around for fresh talent, and hit upon the young Jaimé Sarlaga, who had been going great guns for Ferrocarril Oeste — scoring twenty-six times for them in 1938.

Ferrocarril did not want to sell, and there was a minor upset over the projected transfer. Apparently Sarlaga had to sit out the rest of the season, but he more than made amends during 1940, scoring twenty-two goals for his new club. One need hardly add that Boca walked away with the Championship, despite the presence of an extremely skilful Independiente side, who were trying to win the title for the third year in succession.

This was Boca's halcyon era. Champions in 1940, they cracked in eleven goals against Tigre (the League record) in 1942, and then won the title two years running again. The star-studded River Plate stopped a hat-trick, but the great Mario Boyé still beat Alfredo di Stefano and Angelo Labruna for the goal-scoring title in 1946. Another notable record occurred during one of the Juniors' home matches in the previous season, at their "Bombonera" or Chocolate Box stadium: nine players were sent off, and all twenty-two suspended!

Ten years elapsed almost to a day between Boca's twelfth and thirteenth titles. As so often happens, their top footballers grew old together, and with the young *espoirs* on the way to Colombia and Europe, good players became scarce and great ones scarcer still. Although Boca had

● Continued on page 24

A trio from Linfield, left to right: Tommy Stewart, Sam Hutton and Isiac Andrews. Fortunately for these Belfast based footballers there is no problem of release for representative duty. (Planet 2.)

PLAYER RELEASE PROBLEMS

Club before Country again hits Ulster

IRISH NEWS by COLIN McALPIN

BY their unsportsmanlike attitude, Stoke City have lost me as a friend. Not that I did follow them all that closely but when they signed Stanley Matthews back from Blackpool and then started a dramatic climb from the Football League Second Division to the First I was with them all the way.

I was with them when I saw that they had staged one of the most amazing revivals of the decade; I was with them when gates rocketed up and up and up. But I left when they refused point blank to release Jimmy McIlroy for the Ireland–Scotland international in October.

And on top of their refusal, they said that if the Irish selectors picked goalkeeper Bobbie Irvine for their side they might — only might mind — change their original decision. Well for once I was glad to see the Irish officials tell the English club just where to get off. For long I have been at the throats of the officials in Irish football for constantly being dictated to by others. Not now, and again I am glad to see that for once they decided to get tough.

This state of affairs must be stopped and soon. For too long English clubs have been telling Ireland that she cannot have her top players for internationals because some run-of-the-mill League game would appear to be more important. The same thing happened with Harry Gregg and Manchester United. He had to play for United against Blackburn Rovers on a Monday night in October and was down to play Spain on the Wednesday but of course was injured and could not play in that all-important European Nations Cup game. Now when Gregg was injured United seemed to have able deputies so why on earth did they insist that Gregg, who was much needed by Ireland for this game, play for them?

No, it is time this was brought to a stop. Countries must not be held to ransom by clubs interested in their own welfare and nothing else. I know only too well that the League is important but surely in these days of greater international co-operation in soccer it is time clubs realised that players do belong to countries as much as clubs.

Interested

These same clubs are only too willing to buy players from poor Irish League clubs for next to nothing but when it comes for them to do a little giving and taking they never seem so keen. It is a disgrace and a blot on the British football world that clubs should have the power to refuse countries interested in major international competitions. *Country* before club is a rule that the clubs *must* realise is here to stay. Now is the time for clubs to stop thinking in terms of Stoke, Bury or wherever and no more.

I will say something of that North–South game that didn't come off later in these notes. For the moment I shall stick to the League front and report some of the things that have been happening to the clubs.

Interesting item concerns Bangor, that always-in-the-news club from County Down. In fact two interesting items stirred my imagination and they were thus:

Arsenal player and Irish international Terry Neill, the player who went from the seasiders to the London club, came over a few days before the main party who were to play Scotland and, of course, paid a visit to his home town. He was naturally sorry to hear of the troubles the Bangor club have been having of late but he had some pretty sound suggestions as to how they might get over their difficulties.

The centre-half picked on one thing that I have been plugging for some months now — Scottish players in the Irish League.

Neill said he could not see the sense in playing "veteran" Scotsmen when there were bound to be plenty of good local youngsters only too willing to play for the Clandeboye Park outfit.

He feels, and I must agree with him on this score, that crowds would much rather see local boys playing for Bangor than a lot of Scots who, let's face it, usually stop only one season and then go into the history books as people who used to play. A collection of good, keen local youngsters could blend together and gain experience and then the fortunes of the club will surely improve.

Last word from Neill: "I was very proud to sign for Bangor and in spite of the club's record I'm sure there are lots of kids keen to play for the local team."

He is, of course, so right. The sooner Irish clubs realise that local talent is always better than imported talent the sooner the people will regain interest and start to flood back to the grounds.

The other item from Bangor brought up an interesting point. Bangor, I should re-explain, is one of the clubs in Ulster football always having money troubles. Each season seems to get people wondering if Bangor will still be running come August and come August Bangor usually is running. No club has money troubles quite like Bangor has them so it was no great surprise to me to learn that the directors of Bangor suggested in October that the local authority should subsidise their club.

Agreeing

Vice-chairman Billy Strain seems to feel that the game is a must for the town that through football the name of Bangor will be spread about not only in Ulster but abroad. Well (I seem to be agreeing with everybody this month for a change) he certainly is right there. A football team is the best advert a town could have. He also pointed out that other sports — including tennis and bowling — are helped by the council. Bangor have to rent their ground from the local council and many in the club feel the rent is too high. It was pointed out recently that they must rent the ground for a whole year when it is only required for 42 weeks. Taking into account groundsman's wages the club lays out over £800 a year, or just over £17 a week, before they even start kicking a ball.

He (Mr. Strain) also points out that near-neighbours Ards pay a nominal rent of £5 and Derry City — another club who are always having money troubles — £12 10s. a match. (Ards, as a matter of interest, pay their £5 for a year's use of their neat ground.)

Whether the council do decide to help Bangor or not is doubtful but before they reject the idea out of hand let me give them an illustration of a football club always keeping the name of the town in the news. How many times do they hear the name of Accrington mentioned since Stanley left the Football League, or Gateshead since they were voted out? Well, see what I mean?

Picture this: dressing-room before the match, players in various stages of dress and undress, trainer handing out the shirts and socks and the manager giving last minute instructions. Above all this nerve-shattering clatter a voice drones on and on, softly, softly ... "You are going to win" ... "You are going to win" ... "You are going to win"....

Hypnotist

What is it? Well, in short, it is the Oval where, according to reports early in October, a hypnotist has been signed to try and get the Glens into a winning run. Of course he does seem to have been successful for by the beginning of November Glentoran seemed to have passed through their bad patch and entered into a brighter one. This crazy, mixed-up soccer world we live in never fails to amaze me and I suppose the advent of psychological warfare is not to be taken too seriously.

And now, as promised, a last word about that North–South clash that was ruined by the Spaniards who beat Northern Ireland in the second leg of their European Nations Cup game at Belfast. Never have I read so much puerile twaddle in so many so-called responsible English national newspapers as I did over what might happen if the North of Ireland's international team got to meet Eire from the Republic.

Riots, gunfire, street-fighting, "fence 'em in" articles and people who ought to know better throwing their hands in the air with the horror of what might happen if the Irish got together.... What a lot of rubbish it all was.

We in Ireland are civilised (from watching football at some English grounds lately I'd say a lot more civilised than given credit for) and although political divisions are still obvious in sport we do try and remember that it is, after all, only a game. As for the suggestion that we are no better than animals and ought to be caged in — phooey ...! I have yet to see a dart thrown on an Irish ground....

Finance is holding back the progress here

NORTHERN RHODESIA AIM FOR AFRICA CUP

says C. HOLBROOK

TWO full seasons have come and gone since I wrote of the new horizons looming ahead for Northern Rhodesia football, and a survey of the progress made in that period will give some indication of just how far away those horizons now lay.

That some advance has been made is indisputable. The semi-professional National Football League survived its baptism, and with two completed seasons behind it, has become the magnet both for the better player, and the major portion of soccer fans. The big question mark concerning all grades of Northern Rhodesia soccer is finance, and this season we had ample evidence of the progress that can be made when funds are made available.

Sufficient capital was raised from various sources to bring out Phil Woosnam (Aston Villa and Wales) and Fred Goodwin (Leeds United) on a joint two-month coaching tour. Between them they covered the six hundred mile length of the territory with a two week stay in every town on the line of rail, teaching, coaching, instructing and lecturing coaches, players, schoolboys, welfare officials and club officials, and while the full benefit of the tour will no doubt take time to appreciably materialise, their individual reports submitted at the conclusion of the tour makes fascinating reading. (Woosnam pictured below.)

They both forecast that such is the abundance of natural talent available, Northern Rhodesia should be able to take her place on the world stage within the next five years, provided, they both stipulate, that a vigorous coaching and training policy is adopted.

This brings us back to the question of funds, and the raising of the necessary capital to import coaches and to undertake tours by the national team, is always a chancy project. The junior sphere, too, where gate revenues are extremely small, desperately needs a cash boost. Competition is the spice of any sport, and in a country such as this with the various centres spread over long distances, transport costs often pose a well nigh insoluble problem.

A glance at the playing standards gives a reassuring picture. The National team after a blank 1962 season, was heavily committed and the fixtures provided heartening assurance that we are at last on the right lines. In June, Dundee United arrived fresh from a 10-2 triumph over Nyasaland, and it was indeed a magnificent feat when the National team held the Scottish First Division team to a well-earned 2-2 draw.

Three months later, neighbouring Southern Rhodesia crossed the Zambesi for the Levy Cup tournament, and with a 1-1 draw at the Gabbitas Stadium, followed by a resounding 4-1 victory at the Kafubu Stadium, we broke Southern Rhodesia's six-year grip on the trophy. As Southern Rhodesia had narrowly defeated the touring Dundee United this success indicated a sudden uprising of national standards.

A month later a 5-1 victory was chalked up over Nyasaland, the first encounter ever with our Northern neighbours, but the value of this success is more difficult to assess.

Two factors, however, are of concern to the administrators. While the conduct of the players on the field generally showed a marked improvement this season (both Woosnam and Goodwin remarked on the excellent discipline) crowd behaviour took a turn for the worse. Minor riots and attacks on match officials occurred on some occasions, and three grounds were closed for varying periods. It is hoped that this is merely a temporary phase, coinciding with the rapid political changes which were experienced during the season.

Crowd behaviour, no doubt, not only blunted the keenness of some referees (and has led to several withdrawing from the game) but has also stemmed the flow of recruits coming into the ranks of match officials. This is a problem that must be solved — failure to do so would stifle progress in any shape or form for many years to come.

In a nutshell it boils down to this. It has been confirmed that the basic talent is available, but vigorous training and coaching is required for the full potential to be reached. Lack of funds could stifle our aspirations at international level and crowd behaviour and control must at all costs be improved.

With the two main problems solved, there would not be any running before we can walk. The African Nations Cup is obviously our introductory target, and with a very encouraging season behind us, we could participate in this competition in the very near future with every confidence.

COLOURFUL CHARACTER WITH BOTH FEET ON THE GROUND

A personality piece on Benfica's star Eusebio

by Roger Macdonald

THE story of Europe's Pelé begins as far away from the Old World as from the New, in Mozambique, the Portuguese colony on the coast of West Africa. On January 5, 1943, a boy was born at Laurenço Marques, the capital of the colony situated in the extreme south. For his mother, his two sisters and his brother, and not least of all for himself, life was very hard. His father died when he was five, and the boy became a man without experiencing many of the greatest joys of childhood.

Eusebio da Silva Ferriera never knew how he found time to take part in the sports of basketball, football, and athletics, but somehow he did. Despite being able to train and play only a few times a week, he shone at all three—he became a key player in the Laurenço basketball team; top scorer in the Mozambique soccer Championship; and junior champion at 400, 200 and 100 metres—sprinting the shortest distance in the excellent time of eleven seconds. Most sportsmen in Mozambique knew of Eusebio: none of them, least of all himself, dreamed that he was destined to become one of the greatest footballers in Europe.

But for his father's death Eusebio would not have come to Europe at the tender age of nineteen: by all rights, he should never have joined Benfica, as he played for Sporting LM in Mozambique, a club subsidised by its namesake in Lisbon. But when a wealthy Benfica supporter, travelling through the colony, saw him play, he persuaded Eusebio's mother that her son's future lay with the Lisbon Eagles. Mrs. da Silva, who alone knew how great a struggle it had been to bring up a large and fatherless family, reluctantly agreed to let Eusebio seek his fortune. Little did she know that he would become a sort of real-life Dick Whittington, for whom the streets of Lisbon and not London would be paved with gold.

But there were still many bridges to cross, and the longest proved to be a legal one. Seven months of the 1960–61 season elapsed before Sporting finally conceded Benfica's right to Eusebio's signature. All this time the dusky, athletic youth trained furiously on the Algarve beach in the south of Portugal, away from reporters' pencils and prying eyes.

Under the guidance of manager Bela Guttman, Eusebio put refinement into his raw talent, developing technique and a sense of tactics. After the transfer squabble was over, he could practise with the rest of the team, and might regularly be seen rehearsing his "tabellas" (the one-two repeated over and over again) with Santana, his first great friend and room-mate in the Benfican club-house. They had more than football in common, listening to jazz and Brazilian music together for hours on end. A little ironically, Eusebio was later to replace Santana in the Benfica first team....

Promotion

Success, nevertheless, came slowly. Eusebio began with the juniors, gained promotion to the reserves, and then made an occasional brief appearance as a substitute in the senior eleven. Guttman saw his potential, and took him on Benfica's European Cup outings to Aarhus and Vienna to give him the big match atmosphere. Eusebio could not have liked what he saw in Vienna, where the game against Rapid ended in a near-riot; but he showed none of his misgivings in a friendly against Atletico Madrid, playing a full ninety minutes for the first time, and scoring twice in a 4-2 victory.

Benfica's discovery has less happy memories of his first competitive match, in the Portuguese Cup. The Lisbon Eagles had just won the European trophy in Berne at the expense of Barcelona, and Guttman decided to give them a holiday rather than rush them back immediately for another match. So while Coluna, Costa Pereira and the rest wined and dined abroad, Eusebio and the "stiffs" took on the modest Setubal—and were walloped 4-1.

So it was scarcely surprising that Eusebio failed to gain promotion to the first eleven when they participated in the June Paris Tournament. Benfica beat Anderlecht 3-2 and then collapsed utterly against Santos. 5-0 down with most of the second half remaining, the European Champions acknowledged defeat and "blooded" some young reserves. Eusebio came on, hesitant and nervous, then all of a sudden uncoiled like a giant spring to score a hat-trick in the space of twenty minutes. Even a goal by Pelé, making the final score 6-3, could not reduce Eusebio's share of the glory. He had made a great impression on the Parisian crowd, and the sportswriters outdid one another in their search for superlatives to describe his performance.

Benfica already possessed two inside-forwards of high quality, Coluna and Santana; only with reluctance did Bela Guttman displace Santana in favour of the new star. Eusebio was flown over to South America in September specially for the play-off with Penarol in the inter-continent club championship, despite the fact that as a newcomer to the senior side he was not strictly eligible to play. But play he did, and to such effect that Penarol, with a huge crowd behind them, could only win 2-1. Eusebio scored Benfica's goal with a beautiful shot from twenty yards.

Alternative

Santana now expected to lose his place, but Guttman found an alternative solution; he moved Coluna, a strong, perceptive player, back to wing-half. Eusebio, who had been unhappy about superseding his best friend, could hardly hide his elation.

The new partnership, tried for the first time in the second leg with FK Austria, produced two goals for Santana and one for Eusebio; when the latter was absent, injured, against Nuremburg, Santana failed to score and the Germans won 3-1. But Eusebio was back for the return, scored a goal, and Benfica ran up six to win the tie. Tottenham were beaten in the semi-final, Augusto and Aguas getting the goals while Eusebio was tightly marked; Real Madrid went down 5-3 in the Final, with Eusebio scoring twice and making another.

Eusebio has often been called the European Pele. (Metelmann.)

International recognition came swiftly to Portugal's new star in the World Cup-tie against Luxembourg earlier in the season. But as history will always recall, the Portuguese slumped to a disastrous defeat, despite a goal by the young débutant. Gordon Jeffery may recall writing in his International Post-Mortem that his play "was the one bright aspect of the match from Portugal's point of view", and later "Whatever the result of the England–Portugal match a good deal of my attention will be focused upon this young player...."

As events turned out, we all watched Eusebio—including the England defence, who gave the impression of being mesmerised.

"Eusebio is a model for players and public"

Portugal had to win to stay in the World Cup, and frankly did not fancy their chances without key centre-half Germano. Two early English goals seemed to settle the matter. Eusebio thought otherwise. Three times he pounced when English defenders hesitated, and three times the ball passed Springett to shake the England woodwork. It was just not Eusebio's day, although it is said that afterwards they had to repaint one of the posts at Wembley.

The European and South American Pelés were on show together again in Brazil's narrow victories, 2-1 and 1-0, over Portugal at Rio and Sao Paulo. Pelé was as good as ever, but the Brazilian journalists were full of praise for Eusebio, without who, they said, Portugal would probably have lost more decisively. It was a great pity that Eusebio could not participate in the Finals of the World Championship: had he done so, he might well have pipped Czechoslovakia's Masopust in the voting for the European Player of the Year.

Complacency

After the World Cup Fernando Riera succeeded Bela Guttman as manager of the Lisbon Eagles. He shook Eusebio out of his complacency by telling him frankly that he was not pulling his full weight with the team, because his brilliance was too individual. "He had good reason to criticise me," Eusebio confessed. "I dribbled on my own, I scored on my own. Of course I kept on doing this because it was successful, because I found I really could beat a whole defence time after time. But I overdid it." Eusebio took Riera's advice to heart. In last season's European Cup, one saw a more mature inside-forward, still capable of brilliant goals—a hat-trick against Norrköping, for example—but defending calmly and capably against a Dukla team who needed to score just once to stay in the Cup.

Europe's Pelé has had Pelé's problems—close marking, rough tackling, exceptional provocation. Sadly, Eusebio considers Spurs' Mackay the roughest player he has ever encountered, remembering particularly the European Cup-tie before a fanatical Tottenham crowd. "He was a model of improper play," said Eusebio. This prompted a feeble defence on my part on the basis that even the best half-backs had found Pelé impossible to check without resorting to some form of dubious physical obstruction. Eusebio disagreed. "Vicente, the Belenenses half-back, marked Pelé when we played in Brazil and did not commit a single foul. He is my ideal defender — effective but exemplary."

As a forward, Eusebio is naturally opposed to the defensive emphasis on the modern game. But having begun his career with a small club frequently opposed to much stronger teams, he can appreciate the inclination to play defensively.

Limit defeats

"Little clubs have as much right to wish to limit defeats and to concede as few goals as possible as the big clubs have to win games by a large margin in a brilliant fashion."

Eusebio has now played at Wembley on three occasions. On the first he hit the post three times, and Portugal lost 2-0; on the second, in the European Cup Final, he scored a brilliant goal, shaking off two Milanese defenders and shooting perfectly past the helpless Ghiggia—but Milan recovered to win; and on the third, playing the first half for F.I.F.A., he brought the best out of Banks in what proved to be an England victory.

Lack of luck, however, cannot be completely dissociated from lack of flair. As Eric Batty suggested in December WORLD SOCCER, Eusebio is not another Pelé, tall, dark and lithe though they both are. Eusebio has something of the goal-hunger of Greaves, the ball-control of Rivera, and the authority of Amarildo. But the prodigious skill of Pelé, his perception and fantasy, his supreme capacity to combine all the great talents, is not yet apparent.

So this is Eusebio. Powerfully built, mentally alert, but still to develop an indelible personality. He does not drive a car, preferring to travel by tram to the Benfica ground, happy to sign autographs and talk to supporters. No wonder the younger Benfican fans adore him. His manners on and off the field are a model for players and public alike.

Eusebio is a devout Catholic. Watch him run on to the field, and you will see him make a sign of the cross. He wears a small crucifix around his neck underneath his shirt, a replica of a present from his mother when he left for Europe. The original chain was broken during the European Cup-tie with Nuremburg, and Eusebio spent several hours each day for a week combing the pitch without success.

After each match, Mrs. da Silva receives a letter from her son in Europe. If the game is an important one, Benfica allow him to telephone direct to Laurenço Marques at their expense. Eusebio's regard for his mother knows no bounds, and he is never reluctant to express his appreciation of her sacrifices for the family during his infancy. His only regret in coming to Europe is the thousands of miles between Lisbon and home. Before long his younger brother, Gilberto, now sixteen, may make the same long journey along the road to fame and fortune. He, too, of course, is playing for Sporting LM, and may end up on Alvares beach for a while....

Eusebio, least of all, considers himself in the class of Pelé. "I find it a very agreeable comparison," he said, "but an incorrect and premature one. Pelé, with his remarkable individual skill, can regularly win matches on his own. I cannot succeed in doing that." But the comparison is not entirely invidious, for Eusebio has revealed the outward visible characteristics of a great player, if not the inward invisible magical energy. The latter may only be latent, and may become apparent in time and maturity. It is not too optimistic a prophesy to describe this likeable, talented young man as Europe's Pelé.

Equipped for all weather emergencies!

Eusebio (left) beats Barroca during a trial game prior to the European Cup Final at Wembley last year. (Central.)

NEW LOOK NATIO

This Competition could become second only to

Another World Soccer exclusive by ERIC BATTY

MANY of football's organisations, national and international, are currently giving thought to the big question marks that hang over the future of the game, and the more intelligent individuals amongst us — those who look beyond the results of our team each week-end are beginning to join them. In the same way that roads, railways and schools among other things were built up slowly over a hundred years to suit the conditions that prevailed at the time, so has our football grown, changing slowly as the pattern of modern living changes, yet like the railways not changing fast enough to keep pace with modern conditions.

At last things are beginning to move again but after more than thirty years since any major changes were effected, football really needs a new-look. The coming of regular international competitions speeded things up quite considerably so much so that many clubs now think only in terms of the Coppa Europa and fail to understand that without the likes of Stenhousemuir and Scunthorpe, Tottenham and Glasgow Rangers would be finished.

In football there's a place for all — the question is only "which teams and in what place?"

In the International arena we need the same drastic changes, the same illuminated approach that will clear away the dead wood so that football suited to the needs of modern society can be re-created. This does not mean that old-established links and friendly rivalry against neighbours must be discarded, but there is certainly a need for the woodman, and his axe. As long as the cuts are made in the right places and are not too deep, changes will be for the good of the game, personalities must be forgotten, political rivalries must be overcome, and the rifts between black and white, catholic and communist must be bridged.

These problems are thrown up almost everywhere we look, but for the purpose of this article, aimed primarily at the European Nations Cup we can afford to take a narrower view. In Europe the colour question doesn't arise, and since the Spaniards patched up their quarrel with the Russians that once vetoed sporting contacts, and the Albanians entered international competitions there remains only one real bar to progress apart from the vexed question of East Germany. This, of course, is the old-fashioned alliances that clog the fixture lists — the regular clashes between Holland and Belgium, Austria and Hungary, Wales and Scotland.

Every attempt to reconstruct the game at international level falls down on this issue for fixtures drawn up at a time when travel was limited to inefficient trains have been perpetuated into the space age. Holland and Belgium being neighbours naturally met each other often when the game was in its infancy. At that time an international between Holland and Greece would have meant at least a week off from work for either team to fit in the tightest travel schedule, so inevitably the Dutch contented themselves with annual fixtures against their neighbours.

That was fine for the 1920s but it's stupid to carry this rivalry on today. When the two sides clash next — in Antwerp on March 22, it will be the 100th time they have met. Hungary and Austria have already completed their centenary, while the annual England–Scotland fixture is well on the way to three figures.

These fixtures, the British championship, the Nordisk Cup for the Scandinavian countries, and the local ties that bind Hungary to Austria and Holland to Belgium are holding back the game, clouding the challenge that UEFA could throw down if all were willing.

The Nations Cup was a start, a big step in the right direction, and though England didn't enter the first series, along with Wales and Northern Ireland, all three participated in the current series. The III competition, presumably scheduled for the winter of 1966–67, could become a real milestone, bringing in Scotland and West Germany who have still held back, if only it were reorganised.

The Germans, not averse to changes as they proved with their Bundesliga, apparently prefer to choose their own opponents, drawing up their fixture lists with care to suit their own needs between World Cups, while the Scots I feel are far from being introvert. They tour abroad annually and invite two foreign sides to Hampden Park every season, and neither Association could afford to remain aloof from the Nations Cup, if it were made sufficiently attractive.

In its present form, the Nations Cup has plenty of critics, provided with first line weapons by UEFA's decision to avoid "seeding". One of the results of this policy can be seen in the fact that while England, Czechoslovakia, Italy and Yugoslavia, all traditionally strong soccer countries, have already been eliminated before the quarter-finals, Luxembourg or Denmark must get through to the last four!

On paper at least, it looks like Denmark for the semi-finals whose path to the final rounds would then read — via Malta, Albania and Luxembourg — while the luck of the draw paired England with France; Sweden with Yugoslavia, and, perhaps most stupid of all, Italy with Russia!

Seeding, accepted by F.I.F.A. for the Coupe du Monde, has clearly become a "must". It won't stop giant-slaying of course, it would be bad for the game if it did, but occasionally the unfancied teams will continue to eliminate the more fashionable combinations, seeding or no, and that's how it should be.

A second major criticism of the Nations Cup, in its present form is that like the Inter Cities Fairs Cup, it takes far too long from the first round draw to the handing over of the trophy after the final. So long, in fact, that many people have forgotten about the series long before the final stages are reached. Reorganise it, rearrange it to make it more compact and it will draw greater and more beneficial publicity. Overnight it could assume its birthright — a series second only in standing to the Weltmeisterschaft.

To do this we will need a third change in the structure — more sweeping than all the rest, and though unpopular in many quarters, one that might well be forced on the organisers, if the series is to survive at all.

As at present constituted, eliminating

Gussarov (centre) puts in a shot past Italy's goalkeeper Sarti as Trapattoni fails to tackle in time. Russia drew 1-1 in this Nations' Cup tie and went through to the next round on a 3-1 aggregate. (Planet.)

ONS' CUP

to the World Cup series

rounds are played on a knock-out basis — on aggregate scores at home and away — until the semi-finals are reached. Then one of the last four accepts responsibility for arranging and staging the semi-finals, final and play-off for third place. Here in the present series we hit a snag.

Some months ago, Austria, Italy and Spain were all major contenders for this honour and going back even further it could have been forced on England — as a dummy run for the administrative cadre set up to organise the World Cup two years later. France, too, might have been in the running had they not organised the first series.

Now, however, with Denmark, Russia, Hungary and Spain all likely to reach the last four, the Spaniards are the only possibles. Russia and Hungary, both short of hard currency, would never obtain governmental approval to stage the last rounds for UEFA and the participating countries all get a share of the gates — payable not in forints or roubles but in dollars. The Danes, too, would be difficult to persuade for while they have a serious foreign currency problem, their F.A. has almost given up hope of pulling in a good gate for an international in Copenhagen.

This leaves only Spain, who will be practically sure of the privilege of playing host to the other semi-finalists. The Spaniards will be delighted and with ground advantage and all other natural advantages in their favour they could boost their prestige by winning the series. Staging the semi-finals in Bilbao and Barcelona; the final in Madrid and the third place match in Valencia it should mean big gates and fat cheques for all concerned, but what if the Republic of Ireland goes one better than the Ulstermen who came so close to putting the Spaniards out? Eire, who have an excellent record against Continental sides at Dalymount Park, could well succeed particularly if the Italians don't release Del Sol and Suarez for the vital games and then what? Would the Republic of Ireland stage the last rounds, and if they decline, who will?

There must be plenty of people within the structure of UEFA sweating on the results of the Eire–Spain matches. Even if Spain do get through, and the series passes off smoothly this time, the same problem could face UEFA in the future. To call off the series at the semi-final stage would be a mockery, but the rules allow for one of the last four to stage the final rounds, and even by stretching a point and permitting a non-qualified country — Italy, say — to play host, would the public support a series which lacked local appeal?

My plan for the new Nations Cup would make it a super show, and automatically elevate it to its rightful place as the "Pequenha Copa del Mondo". Given a field of twenty-eight entrants or thereabouts, qualifying matches would clearly be necessary to whittle the numbers down to a wieldy sixteen. This could be done quite easily, giving the host nation (elected in turn) and the present holders of the trophy a bye into the last rounds, and dividing the remaining participants into six qualifying groups of four teams. After home and away matches between the sides in each group, the top two would qualify for the finals. If twenty-eight entered, two other teams could be given a qualifying round pass — the holders, the hosts and the two European countries who had done best in the last World Cup.

Now the Nations Cup would take on a new importance, and staged every four years between the World Cup it would be a guaranteed success in every sense. If Spain were to stage this series in the spring of 1968, imagine the chagrin of West Germany and Scotland if they still remained aloof. The television cameras would carry the series into every home in Europe and throwing in the weight of the daily newspapers, the public would see to it that the absentees went in next time.

Just as we've seen, everyone — even the most critical — finally accept the European Cup for champions, so the Nations Cup would assume a new look and a far greater importance.

Subsidise

After all, the various Football Associations stage international matches for one prime reason — to raise cash to pay for their coaching schools, to cover mounting administrative costs and to sponsor and subsidise the game amongst the young.

The F.A. need every penny of the £50,000 plus gate they can take at Wembley for an international match, and so too do the Dansk Boldspil Union.

The Danes are particularly needled because their public won't turn out to see Denmark v. Norway or Finland and they have often threatened not to invite the more attractive teams with the Di Stefano's, Pelé's and Greaves's unless the fans pay to see the bread and butter games.

It's difficult to criticise the public in these matters, for who wants to see poor football at any level let alone in the international arena, but the Associations must have money, and their biggest form of regular income is from the internationals they stage.

The Danes' biggest obstacle is not their apparently disinterested public, but their old-fashioned officials who should press for a new look Nations Cup and forget about their annual matches with Norway, Sweden and Finland. This criticism can be levelled at all who advocate the retention of the long established tournaments already mentioned. Scrap them all or perhaps merely reorganise them for the years before and after the World Cup and keep them there with a permanent but relatively minor place in the fixture lists.

Lajos Tichy takes a photograph of his Hungarian colleague Istvan Szymcsak playing chess. According to Eric Batty, Hungary could never stage the final stages of the Nations' Cup in their own country. (Metelmann.)

On this basis international football during the next few years would get a real new-look something like this:

1966 the final rounds of the World Cup (in England).
1967 the British home championship, the Nordisk Cup, the Mitropa Cup for national teams.
1968 the final rounds of the New Nations Cup.
1969 the minor tournaments again, as in 1967.
1970 the final rounds of the World Cup.

The regional championships, for that is all they are in reality, could be played off in ten days during May, before the spate of international friendlies. In Britain, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales could stage the series in turn; in Central Europe the Czechs, the Hungarians, the Italians, the Swiss, the Austrians and the Yugoslavs could do likewise, and the Scandinavians could rearrange their almost domestic clashes on the same lines.

Until now there's been one big obstacle to my plans — the Olympic Games Soccer Tournament — but it now appears that the Games in Tokyo next year will be the last to include the world's most popular sport.

If soccer is excluded from the Olympics after 1964, it leaves the way clear for a new Nations Cup — a replica at the World Cup, a series packed with the now familiar problems of climate and the tension of three games a week — and a European Championship with real meaning.

Eire's record in the testing ground of Europe

Tom Muldowney's Eire Round-up

THE League of Ireland championship crusade commenced in atrocious weather conditions. Dark days and winter winds herald the arrival of testing time. For club; for player; for spectator. For the game itself.

Skill and stamina are taxed on rivers of mud. Open terraces freeze faithful followers who miss Sunday's joint to catch the early start. Clubs struggle for points on pittance. Points accrued during murky months assure golden gates come springtime. Springtime! A thought that lightens the long league trek. On it goes through snow and slush; wind and want. As the old year dies and the new is born. A tough unyielding grind. No sympathy for weak or fainthearted. Fall! Rise quickly or be trodden. All run in the race. Only one receives the prize.

Of flag, trophy, medals and European cup entry. Eurocup entry! Autumn's money-spinner under Dalymount lights. And now that Drumcondra, Dundalk and Shamrock Rovers have ended long established foreign invincibility, the rat race is on with a vengeance.

The bug-bear of inferiority is gone. For ever? Jack, or is it Paddy, is as good as his master. Eire's advance in the European Nations' Cup is indicative of changing times in the Emerald Isle. Dare I mention a new era?

Sons of Erin may never win the European Cup, be it league or cup, but at least the days of Manchester's massacre of Rovers and Atletico's annihilation of Drumcondra are past. All that's needed to complete the levelling up process is for part-timers to play Euro-wise in weekly wars against colleagues in combat for that siesta in the sun.

Austrian right-winger Koleznik (left) and Eire skipper Charlie Hurley race for the ball during the second leg European Nations' Cup tie which Eire won 3-2 thus qualifying for the next round. (C.I.)

Foolish

Though Shamrock Rovers have annexed two competitions, City Cup and Shield, and as I write top the table, only the foolish or rabid revellers would confidently predict Milltown march to championship conquest. Favourites! Not certainties. Many a slip ... Coach Thomas, enjoying a Midas touch, fears fickle fortune.

Pivot panic when Tommy Farrell, cornerstone of dour defence that saved point-loss when forwards fumbled, was injured, subsided when Drumcondraman Sean Smyth swopped green for gold and "hoops" hurried on their winning way. Up front, troubles Thomas. Wing weakness and inconsistency of League first choice Eddie Bailham and Jack Mooney reduce "hoops" hope. Tuohy toils since his return from St. James's Park. The tempo is slower and pressure less exacting yet readjustment takes time. The burden of captaincy and playing out of position were contributory factors that reduced the effectiveness of the League's leading left-winger.

On the right Frank O'Neill fiddles his way out of favour, while the inside berth is haunted by the ghosts of Paddy Coad, Noel Peyton and Tommy Hamilton who field on pastures new. Stiffs strength is also woefully weak and if the wonder work of Internationals Nolan and Fullam is to be productive, front fire need be sharper.

Cock-a-hoop Milltown mentors, already assured of Fairs' Cup entry, want the flag. Not flown since 1958–59. Fourteen flagless years followed their 1938–39 success and Glenmaluer groans at the thought of history repeat.

Shelbourne's teenage teams achieved more in the 'sixties than did their overpaid predecessors for decades; and have replaced decaying Drumcondra as the other half of Dublin's big two. Impressive, though recipients of a Barcelona beating, the drop from heady heights found them unimaginative and uninventive. Puerile and prosaic they slowly sank out of Shield sight. League limelight beamed on a bright point-picking start. Tempered with Ringsend rage at news-talk that link-line leader Eric Barber and Bohemian buy Joe Boyce want away. While the watching eyes of Bradford's Jimmy Scoular, among others, see salvation in Big Ben Hannigan, ebullition equerry of Shels score squad. Speculation abounds and uncertainty surrounds "reds" role in the months ahead. If impending departures take place Shelbourne's stricken supporters will have little to shout about, unless perhaps to complain.

Complaints are common at Tolka Park where Drumcondra fail with monotonous regularity. An unusual experience for Prole's products. Especially in the light of European elation after ousting Odense. Preparations made with familiar faces sank on sandy foundations of wing-half immaturity and pivot poverty, that affected the last line. And until Darcy's display the last link.

Knee knocks to Morrissey, Dixon and at League line-out Alf Girvan were crippling blows to club and players. Arrival of Home Farm's McGrath righted the rearguard. Only his late entry into senior sphere can prevent him emulating Con Martin, Fergie McGlynn, Kevin Clarke and Johnny Robinson; mighty middle-men of yore.

Tradition

Tolka talk of half-back combinations in the Mulville–O'Mara, Kinsella–Coffey and Rowe–Healy tradition as present pair, Masterson and Prole labour in vain. Early excursion into the transfer market is top Tolka priority if Drums are seriously to strike for the precious pennant.

Dundalk's dilemma, like their city cousins, is one of adjustment. How best change Swiss sorcery into Oriel opulence. The white clad straddlers of the border are an enigmatical bunch. Opening in President Cup-winning style. They dropped to Drums in the City, shilly-shallied at Shield start, and dithered at Dalymount. When written-off they astounded, even their own, by defeating Zurich, shot up the Shield to run up to Rovers. Like Rovers wing-weakness is rampant; like Drums, talent is tight and undermines championship challenge. However over the distance Dundalk are good stayers.

So much for the upper crust. Now down to the deep. And those destined to despair; capable of frightening fancied few, incapable of keeping up with the Joneses. To the champion city of Cork. Recall United's four flags in the 'forties; Athletic's two a decade later. Now subdued with Celtic and Hibernians poor imitations of the past.

NEW BLEND FOR THE 'AULD ENEMY'

SCOTLAND, undisputed champions of the British international soccer scene these last two seasons, are in a dilemma.

Like the walls of Jericho, their hopes of a third successive crown have crashed dramatically: their supporters, so full of confidence at the season's start, have become a collection of doubting Thomases. Not at all hopeful that their team can even share the honour this term with rejuvenated England, and possibly even Ireland—despite that Wembley drubbing.

Why should there be such despondency?

After all, Hampden, in April, provides a glorious opportunity for Scotland's recently-scorned stars to regain some of their glitter. That 2-1 defeat in Belfast was enough to rock most people. Team manager Ian McColl went as far as open condemnation of a few members of the side—for not trying!

What should be remembered, however, is that neither Denis Law nor David Wilson played in Belfast. And until England's rout of the fighting Irish at Wembley, and the wonder display of Paine and Greaves, the Law–Wilson pairing was, on results and ability, the outstanding wing partnership in British football.

Law was, of course, back in action against Wales, and back in trouble with the referee, but again Wilson was absent, his broken leg still in plaster.

He will not be fit to play against England but by that time Glasgow Rangers may have been invited by Scotland's selectorial seven to give wee Willie Henderson an extended run in the position he filled against Wales. Alex Scott is still a very useful outside-right, a better deputy for Henderson there than anyone else available to substitute on the left.

Scotland made heavy weather of their tackling and their tactics against the strong and talented Welsh outfit — but at least they showed more typical Scots dourness in their quest for victory than they had displayed in Belfast. McColl's criticism after his side's Irish antics had obviously sunk in to a degree.

Few changes can be expected in the eleven to face England and, at the same time, re-establish Scotland as a very real World Cup hope. Only six months ago they were favourites among the four home countries; the team most likely to do well in the 1966 World Cup carnival.

A complete reorganising of the ranks will do no good at all at this stage. In the past it has been more or less taken for granted that the Scottish selectors will spring their annual surprise for the game with England.

I for one only hope that they choose this year to throw tradition to the winds rather than, say, throw the nineteen-year-old Rangers centre-forward scoring sensation, Jim Forrest, to the wolves in the mighty Hampden arena.

Ian Ure is one of the players writer John Stone selects for Scotland in their match against England this April. (Metelmann 2.)

There has been, among the rumblings of discontent among Scottish supporters, the claim that Scotland's players do not see enough of each other between internationals. And the argument has certainly more than a mere semblance of truth about it, so the team I hope to see put into the field on April 11 is one which would show only three changes—one positional — from the one which beat England so convincingly at Wembley last season.

Eric Caldow, their ill-fated skipper that day, has probably made his last international appearance. Only his brilliance in the past, and a remarkable run for Rangers by young David Provan, has baulked Dundee's Bobby Cox in the past. Now is the time to choose Cox, an outstanding success in Dundee's magnificent European Cup run last year and a man with the experience of high-class international competition which Provan so far lacks.

Alex Scott should be retained on the right wing where Henderson played at Wembley, with the little Rangers outside-right on the left flank for Wilson, his injured clubmate, and a member also of that victorious Wembley side.

England, presumably, will show few changes from the team that trounced Ireland. They have made rapid, Ramsey-planned improvement since last they fell to Scotland, but with the advantage of playing on their own hallowed turf I am prepared to stick my neck right out by predicting that Scotland can increase her number of victories over the "Auld Enemy" to 34–28 by fielding this side, or one almost completely similar—Brown (Spurs); Hamilton (Dundee) and Cox (Dundee); Mackay (Spurs), Ure (Arsenal) and Baxter (Rangers); Scott (Everton), White (Spurs), Gilzean (Dundee), Law (Manchester United) and Henderson (Rangers).

That team contains three Dundee players and *two more* ex-Dundonians. It contains three Tottenham team-mates, two Rangers players and an ex-Ranger.

There should be no lack of understanding in such a line-up.

★ **JOHN STONE**

EIRE ROUND-UP *Continued from previous page*

Hibs, under former West Hammer, Tommy Moroney, build for tomorrow. Tomorrow maybe. Not today.

Waterford, scorers of goals galore; permanently afflicted with a bad defence and Limerick, learning, slowly but surely under Ewan Fenton, are others in the South who must wait awhile before billing European exhibition. Sligo Rovers in the West are as bad as ever while Drogheda under Peter Farrell are marking time. Bohemians bid far to make professionals play for those money-mad points and that leaves us with St Patricks. Who show signs of revival. Welcome! Shay Keogh has imbued his young colleagues with courage and confidence. And Ronnie Whelan. Dispute and transfer talk before handshakes brought Whelan back to his best. Scorer of the goal that beat the English League and capped at Vienna he and Keogh could rescue Saints from the limbo of the lost. Outsiders? The cat among the pigeons?

How League of Ireland winners performed since entry into European Cup is worth recalling.

1957–58.	Shamrock Rovers lost Manchester U. 0-6, 2-3.
1958–59.	Drumcondra lost Atletico Madrid 0-8, 1-5.
1959–60.	Sharmock Rovers lost Nice 1-1, 1-3.
1960–61.	Limerick lost Young Boys 0-5, 2-4.
1961–62.	Drumcondra lost Nurenberg 0-5, 1-4.
1962–63.	Shelbourne lost Sporting Club 0-2, 1-5.
1963–64.	Dundalk lost Zurich 0-3, 2-1.

The story of Boca Juniors by Roger Macdonald

Continued from page 15

two defenders, right-back Colman and left-half Pescia, in the Argentinian team which played England at Wembley, their star winger Mario Boyé was already in Racing's colours. Boyé, incidentally, scored Argentine's goal in the first half, and England had to struggle desperately to win in the closing minutes.

Potential

Boca's 1954 Championship success was only a flash in the pan. It was due as much to the ineptitude of River Plate and Racing as to their own goal-scoring potential. Only Vairo, J. Borelli and Sosa proved really outstanding. Vairo, captain of the international side, played forty times for Argentina, beating the club record of Tesorieri (twenty-three caps) and Calomino (thirty-five); Borelli shared the goal-scoring title in 1954 with nineteen goals; Sosa, perhaps the key forward, was signed by Racing Club de Paris — a disaster overshadowed only by the departure of Angelillo, one of the stars of the 1957 South American Championship, to Internazionale Milano for £75,000.

He was guaranteed earnings of 75 million lire in three years, and now has an equally lucrative contract at Roma. It was a poor consolation for Boca fans to know that Independiente had lost Ernesto Grillo, Racing Buenos Aires Humberto Maschio, and River Plate Enrique Sivori, all at the same time.

With the gap between revenue and wage expenditure widening rapidly — attendances dropped by 39 per cent between 1954 and 1961 — the way was open for a far from senile shareholder, Senor Alberto J. Armando, to increase his influence over the club. The other directors were more than happy to see someone else dipping into his pockets. Armando duly obliged, but his price was near despotic power, and he got it.

Required

Il Presidente saw soccer in terms of simple answers to simple questions. If a good manager was required, a fabulous salary would hire him. If a great player was wanted, top pay and a huge transfer-fee would secure his services.

Armando found his manager, no less than Vicente Feola, the "brains" behind the Brazilian World Cup side of 1958. He was paid a signing-on fee of £33,000, with a monthly salary of just under £900. Unfortunately for Boca, the sort of money that had attracted Feola did not attract the right type of "class" player. Rival clubs boosted transfer fees either because they were aware of the bottomless ocean of Armando wealth or because they wanted to keep their outstanding footballers. As a result many of Feola's purchases, with the President looking over his shoulder, were not a success. Several players found the great value placed upon them psychologically disturbing, and their game suffered; others, less conscientious, saw their new salaries as an indication that they should be not only rich, but idle. Over £400,000 was spent on twenty-two Full and "B" internationals from four countries, and the best that they could manage was fifth place. Davoine, Rarsaciolli and Mazazza, aggregate cost £120,000, made only fleeting appearances in the first team. Armando, to put it mildly, was displeased with Feola, or "El Gordo" (the Fat One) as he called him. Feola returned home to the easier task of supervising Brazil. Most of the twenty-two internationals left at the same time.

The new coach was Jose d'Amicio. In view of his handicap of a multi-millionaire president waving a fat cheque book, he performed wonders to bring the Juniors to the top of the League within a year. While A.J.A. went around offering unlimited sums for Pelé and Sanfilippo, d'Amicio carried on with his job of building a Championship side.

Introduced

He introduced a young full-back, Marzolini, who played so well that Argentina capped him in his first full League season; goalkeeper Errea, in place of the much-admired Roma; and Ernesto Grillo, a bargain buy from Independiente, who despite his thirty-three years showed that Argentine packed defences were child's play compared to Italy. Boca's magnificent defence — Errea, Silveiro, Marzolini, Simeone, Rattin, Orlando — conceded only eighteen goals in twenty-eight matches, while the attack, with Valentim, Grillo and Gonzalez outstanding, rarely failed to score.

The Championship, nevertheless, proved a close run affair: with only two matches remaining Boca and River Plate each had thirty-nine points and were separated by only a slim goal average. The penultimate match on the fixture list turned out to be a top-of-the-table clash between the League leaders. 100,000 came to see Boca, who had beaten River 3-1 earlier in the season, win as expected, but by one goal only. Now River had to win their last match by a big margin to keep their hopes alive. They obliged with a 4-1 victory at Gimnasia, but Boca quickly dispelled their supporters' anxieties with an equally convincing triumph over Estudiantes by four goals to nil. The League title was back at Boca and Alberto J. Armando stood up to acknowledge the cheers.

Annual trip

1963 could be described as South American Cup Year. The Boca Juniors machine was geared entirely for the task of wresting the title from Santos. Senor Alberto went on his annual trip to Europe — which has become almost an annual joke among European club directors: "only nine more shopping days before Alberto" — and actually came back with two good players! Barcelona, short of money, were willing to sell Silveira; and Milan, confronted with the uncompromising Italian transfer regulations, reluctantly parted with Del Vecchio.

Nor was the Buenos Aires transfer market overlooked: Armando outbid River Plate for Racing's international winger, Corbatta; and then made probably the catch of the season in buying Sanfilippo from San Lorenzo for a mere £85,000. But the real credit for this deal must go to Adolfo Pedernera, then in charge of the Boca espoirs.

(Roger Macdonald will conclude the story of Boca Juniors in next month's WORLD SOCCER.)

Boca Juniors have been making a tour of Europe just recently and results of their matches will also be included in the February edition of WORLD SOCCER which will be on sale next month.

A Boca Juniors defender (3) clears while falling from a Flamengo (Brazil) forward. Boca Juniors were keen to wrest the South American Club Cup from Santos but subsequent events proved against them. (Planet 2.)

Maltese officials at the Albania-Denmark European Nations Cup game, in Tirana. Joe Cassar Naudi (referee) with ball, Paul Bonett (left) and Arthur Lentini. (O.)

Malta Youth Tourney

THE National Sports Board is organising an international schoolboy tournament round about Easter, 1964. It is understood that England's team will be playing in this tournament whilst Spain has already accepted the invitation to send a side (writes REM SACCO).

Much preliminary work has been performed by the Board, having managed to get a vote of £500 from the Malta Government Budget, which one believes they are going to use for this big venture.

The Malta F.A. President, Mr. Eugene Bonello, M.B.E., now in his sixties, has entered hospital for an operation, and his absence from the Council is a handicap for the gentlemen of the game in Malta.

Mr. Bonello, a personal friend of Sir Stanley Rous, represented Malta at the F.A. Centenary celebrations; Malta's gift to the F.A. being a gun replica of those used by the Maltese and Knights against the Turks in 1565.

Mr. Bonello was not feeling very well before he left Malta for London. On coming back by air, his plane was hit by lightning over Palermo and had to make a forced landing.

Praised

The Malta F.A. Chairman had a long and interesting meeting with Walter Winterbottom who, as Mr. Bonello told me, was very impressed with the idea of holding a National Football Congress in Malta. Mr. Winterbottom gave his valuable views on the importance of juvenile and schoolboy coaching.

The service of the Maltese referees on the F.I.F.A. panel seem to be in great demand. Messrs. Joe Cassar Naudi, Arthur Lentini and Paul Bonett controlled the Nations Cup match, second leg, between Albania and Denmark in Tirana where they were well praised by the press.

Scarcely had they returned from Tirana, when Mr. Bonett plus Cassar Naudi and Ritchie Casha were told to leave again, this time for Ankara where they controlled the Cup Winners Cup match between Fenerbahce (Turkey) and Linfield (N. Ireland).

The Greek F.A. then sent a telegram to the Malta F.A. asking for permission so that the three mentioned officials pass through Athens on their way back to Malta to control a needle league match in the Greek Championship. Mr. Casha was entrusted to the job with the other two as linesmen.

A more competitive atmosphere needed

● *Continued from page 9*

While Pennington, possibly through force of circumstances, didn't get the same facilities and assistance as compared with those available today, he nevertheless satisfied himself that his training was sufficient for the standard of play in which he was actively taking part.

These days it could be taken a stage further. While physical training could be concentrated into those three hours a week, the practical side of the game could be explored still further.

Many soccer judges may claim that the game is already too tactical but I am convinced that this approach is the only way to maintain the players' enthusiasm for the sport.

Dedicated

Even from my limited experience, I discovered that the most successful sides I played for were those dedicated to do well in their particular standard.

On these occasions physical fitness was of prime importance but the winning spirit was built up off the field by a friendly atmosphere where everyone was willing to assist his colleague. In this way, tactics were easily put into operation and the basis of a successful side was born.

This is one reason why I believe that behind the scenes activities in the British game will need a complete overhaul. It stands to reason that the remedy for a losing side is not more physical training because the winning teams, if their schedule was thoroughly examined, in actual fact ease up on their weekly stints.

The morale between winning and losing must therefore be worked out by the powers to be. Whether they subscribe to less physical effort remains a case of much conjecture.

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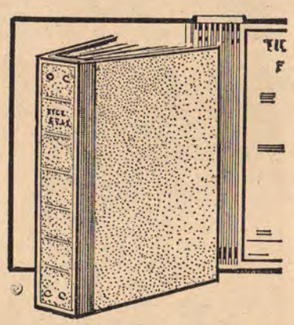

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LATINS INCONSISTENT WITH INTERNATIONALS

THE League programmes in the South American countries are nearing completion with Independiente strongly challenging — some weeks indeed, heading — River Plate who have been the leaders virtually from the start, in Argentina; and, in Brazil, with Botafogo still striving to get in front of Bangu in Rio, and, most surprisingly, Santos dropping behind Sao Paulo, and themselves being pressed by Palmeiras, in the Sao Paulo region. In Uruguay, although Penarol before a "full-house" at the famous Centenario Stadium (scene of the first World Cup final) defeated Nacional by a single goal to nil, it is Nacional who head the table. In Chile, Colo Colo have gained a couple of lengths over La Serena and the Universidad de Chile, whilst in Peru, Alianza of Lima with sixteen points were two points ahead of Sporting Cristal at the half-way stage in their relatively short race — ten clubs in the division.

Coutinho (Brazil) left scores for his country in an international against Paraguay whose full-back Monin is too late to intervene. (Planet.)

★ by Gordon Jeffery

Next month, when some of the issues of championship and relegation have been resolved, I should be able to report in more detail on some of the more interesting end-of-season matches and happenings but this month I am seizing the chance to note a relatively rare event — a South American International, and to report on Santos's retention of the World champion club title.

There is a predictableness about the International programme of most European countries that is missing in South America. Traditional matches with near-neighbours have ever been the basic fare in Europe. It is not only the British "four" who annually play against each other. Belgium and the Netherlands; Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Finland; Hungary and Austria —to mention a few examples—all annually renew their timeless rivalry. Even without the incidence of competitions as the World Cup qualifying and the Nations Cup, seven or eight International matches a year is probably a fair average for the European countries. The more commercialised (in the way of their clubs, that is) like Italy and Spain usually play less matches than that; West Germany at the moment seem shy of national matches, possibly because for the sake of their football as a whole they feel, correctly I think, that it is essential to firmly *root* their National League; the Soviet Union disappear into their vast territory and disguise their hand until, as recently against Italy, they confound everyone by their standard; but Hungary and the Scandinavians and sometimes Yugoslavia can usually be relied upon to top the average figure, and England to at least maintain it.

In South America without "competitions" there would be few International matches played by the bigger soccer countries these days — and there is no marked consistency about the participation in competitions as we noted a few months back when I and Roger Macdonald dealt with the South American Championship which, this year, was snubbed by Chile and Uruguay and treated somewhat cavalierly by the Argentine and, more particularly, Brazil. Still when they do play each other the South American countries do like to feel that something is at stake — something more than the satisfaction of victory or the gaining of experience for finer things to come. Thus I was not surprised to learn from our man in Buenos Aires, John Deges, that the recent match between Argentina and Paraguay in Asuncion was for the Chevallier Boutell Cup. I have since managed to unearth a few statistical bits of information about this Cup — enough to underline my comment about the inconsistency of the South Americans in the organisation of their own competitions. (They, as Chile showed in 1962 and as Argentina may have the chance to show in 1970, make a much better job of staging *world* competitions.)

Rosa Boutell Cup

The Rosa Chevallier Boutell Cup was first competed for in Buenos Aires in 1923 and continued annually until 1926. Two matches were played each year and, except for 1924 when Asuncion was the venue, all were played in the Argentine which means, of course, in Buenos Aires. The matches seem, from the results, to have been closely fought with each country winning one of the two matches in both 1923 and 1924 and both matches being drawn in 1925. Even in 1926 when Argentina won both matches there was only one goal between the two countries at the end of each encounter. Then the competition lapsed until 1931 when two more matches were played — the first was a one-all draw and the second ended in a 3-1 victory for Argentina. Nothing more happened in the Rosa Chevallier Boutell Cup competition until 1939 when it was resumed, and continued in 1940. Since then the "sequence", wholly without any regularity except that the period between contests seems now to be increasing, has been to hold the competition in 1943, 1945, 1949, 1950 and 1956. In 1956, for the first time, only one match was played — in Asuncion and, although there has been talk of another match, it seems likely that only the one match will be played this year. There may be some good reason for reviving the particular Cup competition but one gets the impression that both Argentina and Paraguay felt it convenient to fix an International — and it added a little spice to the fixture to hitch it to a specific competition.

Although the progress of soccer in South America during the past forty years has relegated Paraguay, a small country by comparison with such as Brazil and the Argentine, to a generally secondary role in football in the continent, Argentina paid them the compliment of sending a full strength team to Asuncion for the recent match. The team differed from many Argentinian elevens of the past couple of years mainly in that it marked the return to favour of River Plate as the provider of players — due recognition of the club's improved League performances this season. The full team, with their clubs, was: Carrizo (River Plate); Navarro (Independiente), Bonczuk (Atlanta); Ferreiro (Independiente), Rattin (Boca Juniors), Varacka (River Plate); Juarez (River Plate), Enrique Fernandez (Rosario Central), Artime (River Plate), Oneka (River Plate) and Savoy (Independiente).

These eleven players performed during the first forty-five minutes at the end of which Argentina led by a single goal. Raul Savoy started the movement, Erminde Onega continued it and Luis Artime, once again the top Argentinian goal-scorer, finished it successfully. For the second half, Onega moved across to the right wing, displacing Juarez, and Willington of Velez Sarsfield came on. Ten minutes of the second half saw Artime getting his, and Argentina's, second goal, but there were two further substitutions before any more goals were scored. With about a quarter of an hour to play, Willington terminated his short stint of duty and was called off together with Rattin. Oscar Rossi of San Lorenzo and Albrecht of the same club took their places. It was then, in the closing minutes of the match, that Argentina turned on an exhibition of brilliant football, and goals by Savoy (thirty-seventh minute) and Onega three minutes from the end completed their four goals to nothing victory.

Paraguay team

Paraguay's opening line-up was Benitez in goal; Nunez and Boadilla; Insfran, Calonga and Martinez; Baez, Quinones, Bassiano Rojas, Pablo Rojas and Pavon. Baez was the first "casualty" — called off and replaced by Juan Gimenez shortly after Artime had opened the scoring. No changes were made at the interval but in the second half, before Argentina made their final substitutions, Leiva and Valdez came on for Quinones and Bassiano Rojas.

The result was quietly encouraging for the Argentinians. The match played in an atmosphere almost mild even by European standards and certainly so by South American ones — which is, of course, more than can be written about the bitter battles in Rio between Santos and A.C. Milan for the "honour" of winning the world champion club title!

The sun has not been shining on Santos this season. When they set off for Europe to play Milan in the first leg of the Inter-Continental match, they were in unaccustomed second place in the Sao Paulo League having conceded nine points compared with eight conceded by Sao Paulo, the leaders. Palmeiras followed with ten points lost, Corinthians were fourth with fifteen points lost, the Sao Paulo club Botafogo (not the club of Garrincha and company of course) were fifth, and XV de Novembro and Sao Bento shared sixth place. Santos had two consolation prizes — they had scored the most goals — forty-six, and Pelé, with eighteen goals, headed the individual scorers' list. Silva of Corinthians had scored one less.

REPORT FROM SOUTH AMERICA

In Italy, as we have already reported, Santos did well to recover from a bad start against A.C. Milan to only lose by four goals to two. Back in Brazil, however, they were promptly beaten by Palmeiras by the odd goal in five and Dorval and Pelé had their tiff, and then, still before the vital second leg match against Milan, lost again by the same score — this time to middle of the table Sao Bento. Sao Paulo F.C. were consolidating their position at the top meanwhile with a 4-1 win over Comercial.

Add the fact that not all the efforts of Santos's medical team and masseurs could mend Pelé's strained thigh muscle in time for the match, and Santos's cup of woe was filled to the brim. The match was treated as a Brazil occasion rather than a club one and staged in the vast Maracana Stadium in Rio — not in Santos or Sao Paulo. One hundred and fifty thousand spectators are reported to have turned up and paid ninety million cruzeiros (around £36,000 but vastly different standards of living and prices really make comparisons of little value).

Santos had Almir in Pelé's place and Dorval on duty so that, in 4-2-4 formation, they lined up as Gilmar — Ismael, Mauro, Haroldo, Dalmo — Lima, Mengalvio — Dorval, Coutinho, Almir and Pepe. A.C. Milan had Ghezzi in goal, David right-back, Maldini (recovered from injury) centre-back and Trebbi left-back; Pelagalli and Trappatoni at wing-half; and a forward line of Mora, Lodetti, Altafini, Rivera and Amarildo. (Brazilian accounts of the match, just to confuse things, still call Altafini, Mazzola!) Trappatoni and Rivera had come to Brazil hot-foot from Italy's drawn match with the Soviet Union in Rome in the Nations Cup.

If, as I suggested, Santos's cup of woe was filled to the brim before the kick-off, it was soon overflowing as Altafini after twelve minutes and Mora five minutes swept Milan into a two-goal lead that they comfortably held at the interval. Then in the second half, Santos pulled themselves together, as if at last accepting that the inspirations of Pelé, the rare genius that has helped them out of tight corners in the past, was absent and that, if they wished to retain their title, they had to do so on their own ability as a team.

Not all the considerable endeavours of Maldini and Trappatoni in particular could hold Santos back as, first a characteristic Pepe free-kick five minutes after the resumption, then a desperate lunge by a falling Mengalvio, sent the ball past Ghezzi to bring the scores level. With eighteen minutes of the second half gone Lima, from twenty yards, crashed the ball into Milan's net for the third time, and four minutes later Pepe, again from a free-kick, brought the score to 4-2 — exactly cancelling out Milan's "home" victory. The new miracle of Milan was that there was no further scoring.

● *Continued on page 31*

Maldini (centre) is consoled by Milan colleagues Pelagalli (left) and Amarildo after being sent off in the Santos-Milan World Cup for Clubs play-off commented on by Gordon Jeffery. (A.P.I.)

Problems of Dutch football are bound up almost exclusively

Stepping stone to Professionalism

SPECIAL FEATURE by ERIC BATTY

HOLLAND are out of the Nations Cup, beaten not by one of the Continental big guns but by Luxembourg. Had they gone down to the Hungarians, Italy or England their pride would have been unruffled, their honour untarnished ... but Luxembourg?

The rules of the competition call for one game at home, one match away, with the result decided on aggregate scores, but the Luxembourg F.A., knowing they would do well to pull in a crowd of 12,000 for their home tie, asked that both games be played in Holland. They never dreamed they'd reach the quarter finals and by playing in Holland's 65,000 capacity stadions in Amsterdam and Rotterdam they hoped to net a much needed £10,000.

The Luxemburgers' realistic attitude was matched by the Dutch who last season had beaten France 1-0 and Brazil, "the World Champions", by the same score. They never dreamed they could lose.

The Dutchmen might have been warned by a poor 1-1 draw with Belgium prior to the clashes with Luxembourg, but they were not. Luxembourg after all had lost 0-3 to the Belgian "B" side, and the recall of Camille and Pilot playing in Belgium could hardly make too much difference.

The underdogs rose to the big occasions, as they so often do, not once but twice — drawing 1-1 at the Olympic Stadion in Amsterdam, and winning 2-1 in Rotterdam. When Camille Dimmer hammered his second goal in the Feijenoord Stadion, the Dutch were finished, their illusions of grandeur destroyed, and the head of the national team boss Elek Schwarz laid squarely on the chopping block. The axe, poised for several days, pending a meeting of the Koninklijke Nederlandsche Voetbal Bond has now been stored away, for though a strong bloc within the KNVB wanted to blame him, they were unable to muster enough support.

Herr Schwarz might yet resign, he could certainly be pushed out, but whether he goes or stays, the problems of soccer in Holland remain unsolved.

Traditions

To understand the Dutch problems one must dig back into the past, for until ten years ago the Dutch themselves shared the view held by the rest of the world. Holland was a little country, without any great traditions in football. As amateurs, they played for pleasure, regarding training as a joke, and scorning to take money for doing something they enjoyed. Then in 1953 a handful of enterprising businessmen decided to give the game a boost. They demanded professionalism, and a place for Holland in the soccer sun, and they broke away from the KNVB to form their own professional association. Unwilling to allow a split in the Dutch game the KNVB finally agreed on a measure of reform — part-time professionalism was recognised on a limited basis, and the league took on a new look. With the amateurs playing on Saturday; the big clubs having Sunday to themselves, and money for the first time being distributed amongst the players, several of the top Dutch players returned home from Germany, France and Spain.

This is the type of hero-worship that must inevitaby accompany the adoption of gimmick-ridden and idol-cheering out and out professionalism in Holland. Feijenoord players are suitably mobbed by fans. (P.A.I.)

At first the game got a much needed boost, gates improved until recently it seemed that Dutch soccer had arrived. Last season Feijenoord convinced almost everyone. Using their great wealth, accruing from gates which averaged around 40,000 per game for several years they bought up a host of Holland's best players and plunged into the Coppa Europa in earnest. Servette, Vasas and Reims were beaten in the Dutch run to the semi-final and though they were then beaten by Benfica, thousands made the long trek to Lisbon. Without realising that the Swiss and Hungarians were only second class opposition and that the power and poise of the Stade de Reims was no more than a memory they preened themselves and waited for even greater successes.

Behind the scenes the businessmen had been hard at work. A nation-wide network of new roads, not motorways exactly but first class highways, made it possible for the average car to reach any ground in the country within three hours' driving from Amsterdam and Rotterdam. The public began to travel to away games as never before, and the guilders simply poured in.

Club grounds were improved. Sparta, who twice sneaked the championship for Rotterdam, planned a nieuwe tribune with 15,000 seats. Recently opened it cost the club 1¾ million guilders (£175,000) and without exception the clubs began to look around for reinforcements. They found them abroad — frittering away their money on foreign players, most of them second-raters — and in the misguided belief that no Dutchman would ever make a top class boss they also recruited foreign trainers.

Today half the premier division clubs have foreign bosses, capable men like Jack Rowley (Ajax) the current league leaders, Norberto Hoffling (Feijenoord), and ADO's Ernst Happel — the majority of them surrounded by petty frustrations. On the one hand, the players don't want to train — the new deal allows up to £20 a week — more with clubs prepared to exceed the officially laid down limits — but nowhere in the KNVB rules is the club allowed to insist that players train. Because four full professionals per club is the official limit — the rest are restricted to £12 a week and must have another job outside the game, training is done after work, when the players plead fatigue, if they can't get out of it altogether through overtime and personal problems!

The managers' second headache is the Bestuur, uniquely Dutch in name, but the devil that plagues the game everywhere, in

in the manner in which professionalism is to be treated

every country. The Dutch, however, like a double dose of directors — one board governing the club as a whole — in some cases as many as twenty or thirty businessmen eager to show that the methods which brought them profits in the ironmongery business can be applied with equal success in football.

The bestuur, or management committee, usually appoints a small number to "look after" the club's league side, in some cases three men, but varying up to ten. The manager supposedly the boss, has to convince them before he names his team. They force him to retain the old hands, popular with the crowd long after their abilities have begun to tire, and simultaneously prevent him from bringing in talented youngsters that his professional intuition tells him have the right qualities.

A goal down at half-time, the boss makes his way to the dressing-room to give his players encouragement. This is the way he saw the game, hold the enemy until the last twenty minutes, when he knows they will tire, and then throw in everything. He reaches the dressing-room and can hardly get inside — it's packed with members of the bestuur slating the players for not being four goals up.

The problem can be traced back to 1953, when Fortuna Geleen led the breakaway movement to professionalism. Backed by a wealthy industrialist they tried to build a super team in a sleepy little town which would hardly be able to fill their 23,000 capacity stadium if every man, woman and child turned out. They've never yet made the switch pay, and today they include in their attack two foreigners — former Yugoslav international Petakovic and "Popeye" Piters, once the favourite of the Belgian national team. A year ago both men were among the reserves of Standard Liege and failed to make the grade. Well past thirty, they can still hold their own in Holland as full profs.

At the other end of the scale are the prewar leaders Holland Sport in Scheveningen —SHS and HFC (Haarlem). They were the clubs most visited by the international selectors in the good old days, but today they are poor relations struggling for existence. They rejected the new venture in 1953–54; they resisted the flight from amateurism — and they were right.

There is no doubt that football can't be forced. No one yet has produced the blueprints for a player-making factory, and the youngsters with star qualities come almost by accident. The Italians, and to some extent the Spaniards, have bought big players from abroad but this costs big money and big thinking directors which the Dutch lack, and at a time when there are perhaps no more than twenty really great players in all the world, the Dutch have foolishly tried to force the pace.

The Scots have their Law, England her Greaves, the Czechs Kucera and Brazil the inimitable Pelé. Only the Italians have a swarm of stars — and they've all been bought. The Dutch, too, have had their share of outstanding players—Abe Lenstra,

Faas Wilkes, Kees Rijvers and Cor Van der Hart — all produced by the amateur atmosphere of the past.

The big names of today are mere shadows of their predecessors. Piet Kruiver, an ex-pro who tried and failed in Italy; Henk Groot, who cost a record £25,000 when Feijenoord bought him from Ajax during the summer, and Holland's wonder boy, Coen Moulijn, outrageously overrated, and known to dislike training.

After ten years of professionalism, the game has taken several uncertain steps forward, but now it appears they are almost back where they started. In cold figures Ajax, Feijenoord, PSV and Sparta lead the field — in that order — but the mood everywhere is dominated by money, and in the background looms the shadow of the Bestuur.

During the summer the entire playing staff of Ajax presented an ultimatum to the club — more money or we strike. The situation arose (one supposes) because the players left with Ajax discovered how much Henk Groot was benefiting by his move to Rotterdam, but for Ajax it was an impossible situation. If they paid the players more — four full profs, and the rest part-timers was the rule — they could invite a heap of trouble from the KNVB. If they refused they might find themselves without a team.

Jack Rowley arrived from England, and the threatened revolution was quelled — no one knows how — and apparently the KNVB haven't asked. Ajax, happier now, lead the league, and in Piet Keizer, newly capped this season, they could have a real find. Twenty-one years old, he has everything. He works, he gets goals, but will he reach the top or be content with a starring role in a second class standard of play.

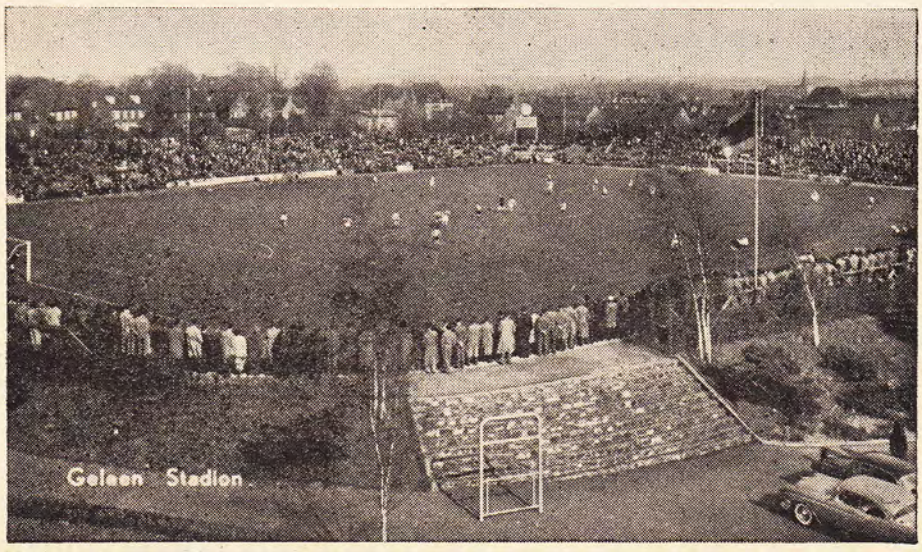
Here is the heart of the Dutch problems. The players generally still retain their amateur outlook. Given the chance they'll opt for amateur training, but professional payments, and to combat this mood they need discipline from a dedicated and experienced boss. This demand for dedication amongst the players is lacking, very largely because of the Bestuur system, for frequently the directors back a delinquent player in his struggle with the boss.

If it really takes twenty businessmen to raise the necessary capital to maintain a club then the Dutch must be prepared either to go back to their amateur status which they shed in 1954 and start again, building on firm ground far more slowly. Alternatively the Bestuur could make the grand gesture, the one big irrevocable decision to let their boss be boss, but along with that must go the realisation that the way ahead needs full-time professionalism.

The KNVB itself is still split right down the middle on the payments issue and for them the criticisms of Elek Schwarz brings the problem into sharp relief. It was the amateur-thinkers who kept him in office this time, and they should lead the way. Clamp down on cash payments and reconcile themselves to the knowledge that a little amateur country cannot even win the Olympic soccer title today — or if they want to go big, think big.

In the shambles that now exists only two clubs seem to me capable of forcing themselves into the top bracket, Feijenoord, because they have the cash, and PSV, because they have the backing of the Phillips Electrical organisation. Phillips employ all their players, and like the "amateurs" of Honved and Dukla they get time off to train during the day. With the right boss, and freedom from the Bestuur, they might do it, but for the rest the two big issues must be settled first.

To pay or not to pay, that is the first question — and the second, who runs the team, the manager or the Bestuur?



Fortuna Geleen's small, unassuming ground which gives little hope for the plans of professionalism on a large scale for the club to amount to anything. (O.)

NEWCASTLE AND SUNDERLAND USED TO BE TWO HOT-BEDS OF SOCCER IN THE NORTH-EAST; NOW THEY STRUGGLE TO REVIVE FORMER GLORIES

Celebrations are too long delayed here

writes Martin Rogers

IT has often been said that money does not guarantee success in football, but it helps. It is singular, however, that the north-east, for many long, bleak years the centre of deep industrial depression, should own two of the most free-spending clubs in the history of League football. Ironic, too, that both Sunderland and Newcastle United should learn the hard way the truth of the old saying.

Sunderland and lavish spending became synonymous some years ago, with the unhappy finale to it all which brought Second Division soccer to Roker Park after sixty-eight years in the top flight.

Now Newcastle, with a history quite as distinguished as that of Sunderland, and also down in the Second Division again, seem to have decided that lavish cash outlay is bound to bring results. Yet at the present time Newcastle's main concern must be to move away from the lower half of the table, rather than think in terms of promotion.

Stan Anderson leads out Newcastle United before his first game with the Magpies against Cardiff City. It was not a happy debut—United lost 4-0. (O.)

Since Newcastle were relegated from the First Division two and a half years ago they have collected over £200,000 for players transferred to other clubs: George Eastham (Arsenal), Bobby Gilfillan (St. Johnstone), Bobby Mitchell (Berwick Rangers), Bobby Whitehead and Brian Harvey (Cambridge City), Jimmy Gibson (Cambridge United), Terry Marshall (Wisbech Town), Malcolm Scott (Darlington), Jim Harrower (Falkirk), Ken Leek (Birmingham City), John McGuigan and Ken Hodgson (Scunthorpe United), Albert Scanlon (Lincoln City), George Heslop (Everton), Len White (Huddersfield), Jim Wilson (Morton), Ivor Allchurch (Swansea Town), Jackie Bell (Norwich City), Bobby Ferguson (Derby County), Ken Hale (Coventry City), Charlie Woods (Bournemouth), Billy Day (Peterborough United), Stewart Mitchell (Third Lanark), Jimmy Fell (Walsall), Duncan Neale (Plymouth Argyle), Gordon Hughes (Derby), Brian Wright (Peterborough), Jimmy Kerray (Dunfermline Athletic) and Liam Tuohy (Shamrock Rovers).

Far more significantly, they have paid something like £350,000 for these players: Leek (Leicester City), Barrie Thomas (Scunthorpe), Kerray (Huddersfield), Fell (Everton), Day (Middlesbrough), Dave Hilley (Third Lanark), Jim Iley (Nottingham Forest), Ronnie McGarry (Bolton Wanderers), Willie Penman (Glasgow Rangers), Ollie Burton (Norwich City), Colin Taylor (Walsall), Gordon Marshall (Hearts), Alan Kirkman (Rotherham United), Bobby Cummings (Aberdeen), Stan Anderson (Sunderland), Trevor Hockey (Nottingham Forest).

Example

Thomas alone cost £45,000, Hilley, Burton and Anderson all £35,000. Only one outgoing fee is there to compare with that sort of money — the £47,500 received for George Eastham. Albert Scanlon, for example, had been bought from Manchester United for £17,000, and went to Lincoln for a reported £2,000. Notice, too, that Newcastle have paid out twice as much for new players as they have received for twice as many discarded ones. That's all very fine if the team is top of the table and flourishing in every respect. Newcastle are not.

But Joe Harvey, who led United to the F.A. Cup in 1951 and again the following year and is now manager at St. James's Park, insists that the more recent spending, at least, has not been without purpose. Newcastle began the season with nine points from a possible twelve. Then Willie Penman broke his collarbone at Southampton, and that was the start of a run of serious injuries. Almost every first team player has had a spell out through injury since then, and Harvey was compelled to thrust in inexperienced teenagers John Markie, Bobby Moncur, Les O'Neil, Joe Butler ... "kids to do a man's job", says Harvey.

And when stalwarts such as Barrie Thomas, the costly centre-forward, and centre-half Bill Thompson, a key man in defence, are back to their best and Ollie Burton has his injured knee out of plaster and is ready to return, the prospects should be much rosier.

"These injuries have wrecked us so far," says the manager. "I think we can be up among the top boys again when it matters. They are all taking points from one another, as is bound to happen. Given the sort of breaks which have not come our way so far, Newcastle can get among them; after all, we began the season feeling confident of our ability to win promotion."

There is a lot of truth in the suggestion that a team's strength is in its reserve resources, and when the sick and lame are fit again there is no doubt that the Magpies will be second to none in this respect in the Second Division.

Dave Hollins, capped by Wales on numerous occasions, and Gordon Marshall, a former England Under-23 international, vie for the goalkeeping position.

At half-back Stan Anderson, Jim Iley, Ollie Burton, John McGrath and Bill Thompson come into the reckoning; all players who have either played at international level or come within a whisker of selection.

Forward-wise, Dave Hilley, Ron McGarry, Willie Penman, Barrie Thomas, Alan Suddick, Colin Taylor, Alan Kirkman, Trevor Hockey and Bobby Cummings add up to £200,000 worth of talent.

Looks as if Joe Harvey will still have worries when they are all fit; who to leave out!

For he tells me that while it is possible that some players will be sold, it has yet to be found which combination is Newcastle's best, and until the right blend is struck upon it is not likely that there will be wholesale off-loading to recoup some of the cash.

With such a wealth of talent in almost every department, Newcastle seem set to revive memories of their former glories, and certainly the First Division doesn't seem complete without them.

The same might well be said of Sunderland, who after faltering at the post in each of the last two seasons, must be hoping that this season will bring the coveted prize of promotion.

Alan Brown, the Roker Park boss, is making no predictions, but is quietly confident that this time there will be no mistake.

In the recent past Brown has sold Anderson to Newcastle, outside-right Jimmy Davison to Bolton, and inside-forward Ambrose Fogarty to Hartlepools.

Was this a prelude to another spending spree, I wondered. "One cannot say that this is part of any set policy," says Brown. "If I was to say that we won't be buying any new players, today, the whole picture might be different next week. If I was to announce that we were after a player or two it would make clubs stick on an extra £10,000. I don't believe in having a set policy in this sort of matter."

Reserves

At the same time, Sunderland's chief is well aware that his own reserve strength is considerable. Martin Harvey, an Ireland international, has been kept in the reserves by Anderson, until this season he could not be held back any longer. Local teenager Brian Usher went into the first team "from out of the blue" and has done well.

Alan Brown knows the strength of his youngsters and is happy in the knowledge that what Harvey and Usher have done, so can Tom Mitchinson, Bill Richardson, John O'Hare, David Elliott, Norman Clarke; and the more experienced men in the second string include versatile Andy Kerr, former first team full-back Colin Nelson, the widely admired Dicky Rooks and Willie McPheat, fit again following a broken leg.

Of these, only Kerr, a £25,000 replacement for Brian Clough last season, and Norman Clarke, a £4,000 snip from Ballymena, cost the club a fee.

There are highly-priced players on the books, of course. The still-injured Clough cost £45,000 from Middlesbrough, Johnny Crossan £28,000 from Standard Liege, George Herd £40,000 from Clyde, George Mulhall £25,000 from Aberdeen. Most important, they have blended together.

"People tend to underestimate our reserve strength," believes Brown. "We did pretty well to get where we did last season, missing promotion on goal average, without two injured players."

With the costly purchases fitting in well with the younger element — such as England Under-23 goalkeeper Jimmy Montgomery — and the more experienced performers — like Charlie Hurley and Jimmy McNab — Sunderland can proudly point to a playing strength befitting a club which belongs to the top flight and should soon be back there.

It's a far cry from the tension-riddled times a few years ago when, despite the present of a whole galaxy of highly-valued international stars, Sunderland were clearly coming to the end of their First Division reign. Under Alan Brown they have been re-born.

The last two seasons, when Sunderland were as good as any team in the division but just failed to clinch promotion, must have been bitterly disappointing.

Now, it seems, it may be Newcastle's turn to sample the disappointment. Yet, as Joe Harvey says, there is plenty of time for the Magpies to climb the table and join their north-eastern neighbours.

It is a long time since the north-eastern football world had much to celebrate. Too long.

Sunderland's diminutive centre-forward Dominic Sharkey (striped shirt) appears to be falling to the ground having been "shot." Orient defenders left to right are: Sid Bishop, Jimmy Scott and Mike Pinner. (M.P.I.)

Report from S. America—*from page 27*

The shouting that had begun on the field was redoubled after the match with Milan stoutly asserting they would not re-play with the same referee in charge—two goals from two free-kicks awarded to the Brazilians were not calculated to enhance the Argentinian referee's standing in Milan's eyes. In fact when, three days later, the teams lined up again for the kick-off, Juan Brozzi was again the man in the middle. Santos fielded the same eleven but Milan showed several changes. Little Amarildo, one of the heroes of Brazil of course in their defence of the World Cup less than eighteen months before, was not, despite his reported injuries, an absentee. Ghezzi was! The Milan 'keeper was Balzarini (subsequently he was replaced by a third 'keeper, Barluzzi, in the course of the match). David was missing and Pelagalli dropped back to right-back with Benitez coming in at wing-half, whilst in the forward line Milan were without a by now much bruised and fatigued Rivera — Amarildo moved inside and Fortunato was at outside-left.

There was again a vast crowd of more than 120,000 and the receipts for the rather smaller attendance were even higher than on the previous Thursday — the play, however, never touched the heights it sometimes reached then. This was hard and ruthless play with Santos conscious that they had the edge over the tired and agitated Milan players. Fouls and scuffles were frequent and the Milan players seemed fixed in the belief that Brozzi the referee was playing against them — caught up in the snare of their own propaganda after the first match. Oddly Juan Brozzi is an Argentinian of Italian origin and this may have made him, for his part, in less doubt than would a "foreign" referee of the opinions being expressed on the field by some of the Italian players — and a too outspoken Maldini was the first player to be expelled. Later, balancing the "sending-offs" Ismael followed Maldini to the dressing room after attacking little Amarildo. It can scarcely be surprising therefore to note that the only goal of a match that is best forgotten came from the penalty spot when Dalmo scored in the twenty-sixth minute. On the brighter side, Mauro appears to have regained much of his old majesty in defence as Milan made their final despairing efforts to equalise — and Pelé may well have felt that, unlike the World Cup final, this was a final he was fortunate to have missed!

As I write the air is still thick with recriminations — perhaps when the dust settles a clearer picture of the match, indeed of such matches in general, may be worth examining.

LITTLE FOR WALES TO SING ABOUT

Welsh Review by H. C. WILLIAMS

WELSH soccer enthusiasts have had little to cheer so far this season. The four senior clubs having varied fortunes, with Wrexham at the bottom of the Third Division. Of the others Newport had a good start but fell away. Swansea are doing slightly better than Cardiff City in the Second Division, though neither of them are setting the valleys on fire.

Admittedly Cardiff City have almost a full team on the injured list, but it was thought that with the advent of John Charles, Cardiff would show some progress towards promotion, instead of which there have been disappointing displays, culminating recently in their defeat in the League Cup by Wrexham, with the poorest defence in the Football League.

The one bright feature has been Borough United's progress in the European Cup Winners' Cup. Having earned a creditable draw against Sliema Wanderers of Malta in the first leg First Round, the Borough outplayed them on Wrexham's ground in the second leg.

Borough were due to play Slovan Bratislava in the Second Round home and away this month.

The performance of Borough United this season and Bangor City last season, both so-called non-League clubs, should shame the senior teams. With all their resources and potential Cardiff and Swansea could monopolise the Welsh Cup as much as Rangers and Celtic monopolise Scottish football.

The Home International season opened disappointingly for Wales, who were beaten 4-0 in Cardiff on October 12. Wales suffered a set-back in the first five minutes when Hollins in goal misjudged a cross shot which Smith headed in easily for England. But for the remainder of the first half Wales really put the pressure on England, with star displays from Ivor Allchurch and Cliff Jones, and though they were unable to hold the pace during the second half the Welsh supporters are still wondering how England won 4-0, but at the same time acknowledge the fact that England made far more of their opportunities.

Welsh giant John Charles has settled in with Cardiff City following his spell in Italy, but Ninian Park results have been disappointing. (P.A.1.)

But with the World Cup preliminaries still more than twelve months away, Wales have the opportunity for rebuilding the International team, with the emphasis at the moment on full-backs, constructive using halves, a centre-forward and an inside-right. At present Ivor Allchurch is still playing better than anyone else as inside-left, though inclined to tire in the second half, but it might be advisable to prepare for the World Cup with Graham Moore, now of Manchester United, as the deep lying forward, but this will depend on the centre-forward available.

Essential

Wyn Davies of Bolton had a reasonably good game in his first international against England, but it is essential to have a centre-forward who knows how to get the goals, and at present Davies is not finding the net often enough. It should now be possible to form a short list of about eighteen to twenty players from which a team for the World Cup preliminaries could be chosen.

A 2-1 defeat at Hampden Park by Scotland was, in fact, one of the better displays by Wales, who included Gary Sprake, the teenage Leeds United goalkeeper. A native of Swansea he is the youngest to play for Wales in this position.

European Commentary
by GORDON JEFFERY

● *Continued from page 13*

perhaps the occasional home draw to give their fans and players something of the sort of joy that comes to the big clubs only when they actually win the Champions or the Cup-Winners Cup!

It was, however, as the Norwegian league table shows, a generally poor season for Gjovik–Lyn. I cannot see this season's Norwegian Cup-Winners, Skeid, finishing on the bottom next season! Skeid have been, since the war, prominent Cup fighters in Norway. They had for that matter given a couple of hints of their emergence in the last two seasons before the war — 1939 and 1940. In both seasons Skeid reached the Final, something they had not done before, but on each occasion finished on the losing side — 2-1 to Sarpsborg in 1939 and 3-0 to Fredrikstad in 1940. And it was Fredrikstad who were their opponents in this year's Final!

Unlike Skeid, however, Fredrikstad had made their mark in the competition before 1940 — they had reached the final in 1932, 1935, 1936 and 1938 and won the Cup on each occasion. Since the war both clubs have featured often in the Final with Skeid having the better record although it was Fredrikstad who appeared in the first post-war Final — and what a Final that must have been. Fredrikstad's opponents were Lyn and the match was played in Oslo. After extra time the score was one-all and the clubs moved on to Sarpsborg to replay.

Success

Again the match went to extra time: again the score was one-all. Then, back in Oslo, Lyn won the second replay by four goals to nil. And the following year, 1946, the same two clubs met again in the Final, and again victory went to Lyn — in extra time by the odd goal in five. Skeid made their first post-war Cup Final appearance the next year and beat Viking in Bergen by two goals to nil. Then, in 1948 and 1949, Sarpsborg were the Cup-winners, beating first Fredrikstad (1-0) and then Skeid (3-1). Fredrikstad had their first post-war success the following year when they beat Brann by three goals to nil.

Neither Skeid nor Fredrikstad reached the final the next three years but then Skeid were the Cup-winners three years in succession, 1954, 1955 and 1956 — the defeated finalists in the first year being Fredrikstad! Fredrikstad were themselves the winners in 1957 and Skeid again in 1958 — then both clubs missed the finals of 1959 and 1960, but Fredrikstad had an easy (7-0) win over Haugar in 1961. Last year the finalists were Gjovik–Lyn and Vard. Now this year it was a Skeid versus Fredrikstad repeat of 1954.

Their final position in the League table emphasised the closeness of strength between the two clubs — points equal but Skeid with a goal average of 1.58 to Fredrikstad's 1.28. In the event the form book turned out to be correct, with Fredrikstad opening the scoring at the Ulleval Stadium, but Skeid equalised and then snatched the decisive odd goal in three. Skeid's match-winner was inside-left Pal Soethrang and the vital goal was of the sensational nature that thrills in the pages of juvenile soccer fiction, but rarely in fact, in Cup Finals — a strong header from inside-right Bjorn Elvenes thudded against the crossbar with the Fredrikstad 'keeper beaten but, sensing his chance, Pal Soethrang dived forward and nodded the rebound back into the empty net.

Zlatko Skoric Dinamo Zagreb goalkeeper saves from a Halsingborg IF forward during the 1-1 draw between the Yugoslav and Swedish teams in the U.S. International Soccer League. (C.G.I.)

AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

THE trade mark of the Czech's international boss Rudolf Vytlacil has been changed. For 4-2-4 (and success) in 1962 read 0-2-4 (and total failure) in 1963. Won 0, drawn 2, lost 4 means demotion, and Vytlacil is now concerned solely with the Czechs' bid to reach the final rounds of the Olympic Tournament. After beating France he now faces the winners of the England–Greece tie.

The new boss of the national side is Dr. Vaclav Jira, an F.A. official who was previously Vytlacil's overseer. His test will come in the spring when Italy, West Germany and Yugoslavia will be taken on in the space of four weeks. During the winter break players for the Olympic party and candidates for the national side will share a training camp for three weeks and play against each other and the two Bratislava clubs, Slovan and Slovnaft.

Dukla, ageing but still top dogs, head the league after the autumn campaign with twenty points. Two points behind are Cup holders Slovan and below them Banik Ostrava with seventeen. Down at the foot of the table Spartak Praha Motorlet are all alone—two points to their credit and without a win, certain to go back to the Second Division.

Dukla also reached the Quarter Finals of the European Cup for the third year in succession after losing 0-2 to Poland's Gornik Zabrze. With Masopust at centre-forward, Dukla won the return 4-1, but Rudi Kucera (two goals) went to hospital after eighty-five minutes knocked unconscious in a heading duel. He came round six hours later and will be out of action for two months, missing the club's tour of the Far East.

AUSTRIA

KARL Decker's bad luck continues—Austria losing the 107th clash v. Hungary 2-1 at the Nepstadion, and doubtless remains in office solely because the OFB have no outstanding trainer at their disposal. The Budapest match was a big day for First Vienna's captain and left-half Karl Koller — his seventy-fifth cap.

FK Austria, champions for the last three seasons and also Cup winners in the spring, are going through a bad spell. Horst Nemec, villain of the Scotland–Austria match, was again sent off in a home game against SC Kapfenburg and has added to the club's problems by getting a three week suspension, and though FKA won that match 2-0 it was watched by only 1,801. Biggest tragedy of all has been the failure of former Benfica star Jose Aguas who collected an £8,000 signing-on bonus in September and has been a regular member of the reserves.

In a bid to get out of trouble, and win public support, officials have again approached Bela Guttmann, resident in Vienna and now a supporter of SC Rapid, but the former Hungarian doesn't fancy taking over a side in trouble.

Doping has been the subject of an OFB enquiry, with the Government asking for a look at the "top-secret" dossier when it is complete. The Home Ministry have promised to bar "doping clubs" from hiring the stadiums owned by the Vienna City Council.

CHILE

THE Santiago authorities have broken off relations with their counterparts in Buenos Aires following the suggestion that Argentina should send their Youth team to meet Chile for the Coppa Carlos Dittborn. To avenge this insult the Chile F.A. has vetoed all football contacts between the two countries and suspended the A.F.A. *sine die*.

Fernando Riera, the man who led Chile to third place in the 1962 World Cup, has been re-appointed boss of the National side for the 1966 series, following his return from Benfica last summer. Chile's record to date is far from encouraging away from home but Riera is "hopeful". The overall record: played 179, won 59, drawn 29, lost 91.

With seven games still to play Colo Colo are well on the way to their ninth championship success. With a five-point lead over their nearest rivals Universidad de Chile, Colo Colo have scored eighty-two goals and are fancied to become the first club ever to reap a century of goals in league matches. Top scorer is centre-forward Luis Alvarez with twenty-seven but the key man behind Colo Colo's comeback is inside-right Moreno, and Carlos Campos (Un. de Chile) leads the individual goal-getters with thirty.

For 1964, the F.A. has agreed on full-time professionalism, though players will still be free to decide their status for themselves. This change was brought about because many clubs have been forced to pay fancy salaries to keep their stars and still have no power to prevent them taking part-time jobs.

SWEDEN

WITH the return of Lindskog and Simonsson there are now only five top Swedish stars abroad—all in Italy. Doyen of them all is right-back Orvar Bergmark, a reserve with AS Roma, who set a new international record against West Germany—his seventy-sixth cap. The other four: Kurt Hamrin (Fiorentina); Kurt Andersson and Arne Selmosson (both Udinese); and Torbjorn Jonsson (Mantova).

Through to the last eight of the Nations Cup, Sweden have fared poorly in the Scandinavian championship. Their record in the current series, played three, drawn three, while Finland leads the way—unbeaten!

Footballer of the Year is IFK Norrkoping inside-left Harry Bild who got the winning goal against West Germany recently. Only 11,000 saw this game at

● *Continued overleaf*

AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

● *Contd. from previous page*

Stockholm's Rasunda stadion but among them were many scouts from German clubs and Bild now has a tempting £8,000 offer from Eintracht Frankfurt.

Up to Division I next season come GAIS (led by Gunnar Gren) and FK Eskilstuna, making Gothenburg Sweden's top football centre once more. Stockholm have two clubs in the top flight now, AIK and Djurgaarden, while Gotheburg has GAIS, IFK Goteborg and Orgryte, the latter being another of Gren's foundlings. Overall the league's most successful clubs are Goteborg, Halsingborg and AIK, who have gleaned 971, 926 and 902 points respectively since the league began in 1924. Fourth because they came in six years later are Norrkoping with 835.

HUNGARY

BUDAPEST'S most popular club Ferencvaros (FTC) appeared to have the friendly autumn championship sewn up a few weeks ago, but since being hustled out of the Coppa Europa they've slipped up badly. Their two games in hand were both lost, leaving Vasas Gyor on top with an unassailable goal average 20 to 8 and FTC now wait for their final game away to Dorog. Gyor led by Nandor Hidegkuti have done remarkably well—with an Italian style defence, but Szeged, rated a young team with a future a year ago, failed to show anything. Biggest surprise of the campaign was Honved's 7-2 thrashing of FTC with new right-winger Gyorgy Nagy the star—and now rated certain to replace thirty-six-years-old Sandor on Hungary's right wing.

The recent clash with East Germany was the Hungarians' 400th international and though a quarter of their games have been with neighbouring Austria, their overall figures are formidable — played 400, won 222, drawn 82, lost 96.

BRAZIL

THE Santos–Milan clash set a new receipts record for Rio, 175,000 paying more than £40,000 to see the final of the World Club championship. Tickets, of course, are cheaper in Brazil than in Europe — standing for this match at 1s. 6d.

Though still World Champions it hasn't been a good season for Santos who missed both Pelé and Zito through injury very frequently. After the Milan clash they lost two league games in four days to Juventus and Palmeiras the leaders. Now twelve points behind, Santos are out of the running. In Rio it's still unfashionable Bangu by a nose. Beaten 3-1 by Flamengo before 100,000 in Rio, Bangu are hanging by a single point with three games left to play.

Pelé's goal-getting rate has dropped noticeably in the last two years but his tally at his twenty-third birthday is still formidable. Including forty-one goals for Brazil he has 640 to his credit, an average of 108 per annum, which leaves even Puskas and Greaves way behind.

Still undecided about who to give responsibility for the 1966 World Cup campaign which could give the trophy permanently to Brazil, the CBD are said to favour Waldir Pereira! Didi! Now coaching in Peru with Sporting Cristal, Didi is due back in Rio in June.

DENMARK

FOLLOWING the example set by Austria four years ago, the Danes have practically decided not to enter for the '66 World Cup. Three conditions have been laid down by the F.A.: qualify for the Olympic Games in Tokyo (possible); reach the last four of the Nations Cup by beating Luxembourg (also possible), and persuade F.I.F.A. not to bar their World Cup players from subsequent Olympics (which is practically impossible).

The Danes, of course, consider their players to be amateurs, but following a recent F.A. decision, at least their internationals cannot plead poverty. The rate paid by the F.A. to players in training or on tour with the National side has been increased from fifteen Kronor per day to a maximum of 100. £10 a day puts the Danish caps up amongst Europe's best paid players!

Esbjerg as expected are once more champions, easily outdistancing B.1913 Odense by a handsome eight point margin, but at the other end a real battle was waged to avoid relegation. On the final day, Koge were booked, and to accompany them was one of three well-known clubs — Akademisk Boldklub, Bronshoj or Aalborg. Bronshoj won away and escaped, and AB beat Aalborg 5-3 who now go down with Koge.

WEST GERMANY

ONE of football's elder statesmen, Dr. Peco Bauwens (aged seventy-six) died recently in Koln. President of the German F.A. since 1949 Dr. Bauwens did everything—capped as a player in 1911, he later turned to refereeing and between the wars controlled eighty-two full internationals and served on the F.I.F.A. executive committee from 1932 to 1945. A few days later, Sepp Herberger made his big decision to retire—at the end of the season. Germany's national team boss since 1936, Herberger is sixty-six and though the DFB wanted him to stay in command until after the next World Cup, he decided to quit, urging that his assistant Helmut Schoen should take over in May.

The Bundesliga continues to draw the crowds with Hamburg SV having the greatest pull. Home and away HSV averaged 40,200 for their first ten games with Koln and Hertha BSC (Berlin) not far behind. Bottom of the poll — Borussia Dortmund, the reigning champions! Promotion to the new league has now been decided, the top two from each region of the Second Division plus Berlin's meisters playing off as they did in the endrunde prior to the Bundesliga. The top team in the two groups will play off a final, but both will be promoted.

But there is consolation in abundance for Borussia Dortmund who eliminated Benfica from the European Cup by virtue of their clear-cut 5-0 victory in Dortmund over the Portuguese team. They had been beaten by the odd goal in Lisbon and thus prevented Benfica from reaching their fourth successive final.

This success should more than compensate for the disappointments in the Bundesliga.

Alf Ramsey, England Manager, talks to Terry Paine (left) during a training spell. (P.A.I.)

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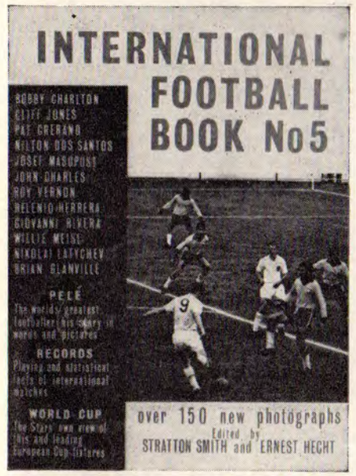

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ENGLISH REVIEW

MORE STRIFE ON THE FIELD AND OFF IT

by LESLIE PAGE

ENGLISH soccer would appear to be marooned in the shifting tides of public opinion and the general lack of direction in the game cannot be considered the correct approach in the years leading up to the staging of the World Cup in 1966. Undoubtedly the Football Association have a great number of matters to concern them in the International field and with the plans for the finals of the competition already announced, it is obvious that the event will be used, at least to some extent, to promote the game in the best possible way.

All of life is a thing of dreams and the strongest critics of England's national team complain that the rosy pictures so often conjured for the side could quite easily turn to nightmares if the English system of League and Cup fixtures is slavishly followed for ever and a day. But to alter the match programme would involve considerable collaboration between the Football League and the F.A. who both have very good reasons for holding particular views and even better reasons for sticking to them.

The League, in any case, just at the moment, have their own problems which are not so much a result of a change in football itself but a new line in thought on the master and man situation which has been going on these past one hundred years. While sportsmen might regret that employers and employees should still find it necessary to fight out their battles before the eyes of all who like to look, the fact remains that any man earning his living is entitled to press for the best possible terms and if employers have not been sufficiently far-seeing over the years to be able to predict a period of argument then they have just not kept in touch with modern trends.

It cannot be repeated too often that British soccer as a whole splits into at least half a dozen factions and unless the common bond of the game which holds them all loosely together can be drawn very much tighter, the sham of professionalism will be shattered for all time.

It is useless to pretend that all soccermen and all soccer clubs are equal and the number of teams able to thrust their way to the top in an unexpected manner will always be few and far between. The Ipswich Towns and the Swindon Towns bring a breath of fresh air into the League competition and there must be sadness in the simple act of observing the decline of a club such as Ipswich which eventually ran out of steam and seemingly had insufficient material in reserve to keep the boilers well stoked.

Any reformation of the League would founder if it made no provision for the giant killers of this world for without them our days would be very much duller and in any case the last plans to reorganise were thrown out without ceremony and the committee appointed to reappraise the situation have yet to report. It is always possible that when the committee plans are published we shall hear a great deal about them initially and then wait for the dull crash of rubber on rubber from a height of two inches when the new, new ideas are thrown into the trash can for just one more time.

It has been said in another context that change cannot be forced upon society — society either wants change or it does not and if all our background of democratic revolution is to be used usefully then history itself can only teach us one thing and that is to lead and guide rather than force and bully.

With the F.A. intent upon putting a good face on affairs for 1966, building up a national team, encouraging the game at all levels and even promising to straighten out the amateurs, it is reasonable to suppose they have their hands fairly full. The League, on the other hand, find themselves embroiled in a series of negotiations with the P.F.A. on the subject of players' contracts, a matter which many might have imagined would have been settled by now as it is over six months since Mr. Justice Wilberforce made his all important pronouncement in the High Court.

This will finally and surely finish as a complete compromise as both parties have much to lose and certainly something to gain in the long run. Such sentiments have been expressed by Alan Hardaker, the League secretary, and the P.F.A. secretary, Cliff Lloyd. To the greater majority of the footballing public the negotiations will not mean a great deal. They appreciate players are now able to command salaries and bonuses vastly in excess of a few years ago and few will dispute the right of top money for top men in a competitive sporting entertainment. If the public repudiate this in any way then they fail to draw an analogy between their own working lives and those of the men whose careers can be shattered so suddenly.

The question of whether the game has changed significantly since the players won their wage battle cannot be answered completely at the moment. It has certainly not altered the playing side of soccer tremendously for the vast gaps in operation skills still exist and the physical contact style of British soccer is in no way on the decline. It is always difficult to know in what manner the public expected the game to improve simply because a player would gain a higher financial reward. A man will put more effort into his work but effort and skill on the football field do not necessarily go hand in hand.

Admiration

Sheer determination to win is obviously a quality much beloved by the fans and admiration is at its highest when a try-and-try-again spirit abounds. But in English football this so often leads to far greater violence than the laws allow.

The number of players sent from the field this season continues to increase but this does not mean soccer is any rougher in the United Kingdom than it was a few years ago. It is simply a case of referees following the instructions of the Football Association and punishing players severely for persistent offences. Denis Law, Manchester United's and Scotland inside-forward, received a number of warnings in matches before the one in which he was finally sent from the arena.

It is always an unpleasant business when a player of his standing is dismissed from the game and the twenty-eight day suspension which followed the consideration of his case is harsh by the standards applied two years ago. Whether the F.A. will reduce the instance of bad sportsmanship is quite another question. Incidents flare so very easily in the flaming torrent of a vital match and whilst ill-tempered clogging does nothing for the game's reputation, bad temper in sport cannot be dampened with dramatic suddenness.

There are acts of stupidity which it is impossible to understand such as the case of two men appearing in a reserve game in the North of England. Members of the same team, it was later stated that they were great friends and trained together. An argument started between them on the field and blows were exchanged. The referee rightly sent them off and this rather nasty news item will doubtless have found its way into newspapers right round the world doing soccer a disservice.

Misbehaved

But in the first half of the season it was not only the players who misbehaved themselves. The public, too, found they were in the full glare of the publicity lights. Following an allegation that Bill Brown, the Spurs' goalkeeper, had a dart thrown at him, Everton were forced to place barriers behind the goals at Goodison Park keeping the spectators at a distance. Followers from Everton and other clubs also came up against British Railways who justifiably claimed that railway coaches had been severely damaged by supporters travelling to "away" matches in special excursion trains.

One might well assume that acts of this kind are not confined to people who watch soccer matches. Jazz fans riot, racecourses have been the scenes of bloody violence in the past and a chess player once stabbed an opponent after a particularly diabolical move had been made. But when football is the centre of such news items the game, once more, starts to draw unfavourable comment or even worse people shrug their shoulders and say, "What do you expect from soccer?"

Six wins for the England team, against very mixed opposition to say the least, still does not lead the pundits to acclaim the side with complete approval. Alf Ramsey's collection of players are, undoubtedly, extremely competent and look more like a national side with every outing. They do have the ability to put on some very worthy moves but the main criticism directed at them is the *number* of moves they take to steer the ball goalwards.

Occasionally the play is brilliantly opportunistic but far too often the mid-field operations lack incisiveness bogging down in a welter of aimless interpassing which leads nowhere. Terry Paine, the Southampton right-winger, is showing his best form during his international appearances and has the same kind of soccer wanderlust one has previously associated with Bobby Charlton and Jimmy Greaves. Greaves is so often shackled in League football that he revels in the more open play of internationals. Bobby Smith still epitomises British soccer over the past three decades and continues to withstand a constant battering to such an extent, in fact, one wonders how long it can go on.

Johnny Haynes, the England skipper in Chile, removed from the international scene with great suddenness in August, 1962, cannot be ruled from Ramsey's calculation for the future. When Haynes first returned to League soccer, he looked but a shadow of his former self. But the months have restored his confidence and he no longer hangs back from the tackle or tires early in the second half. It might be reasonable to predict that Haynes will yet again play for England.

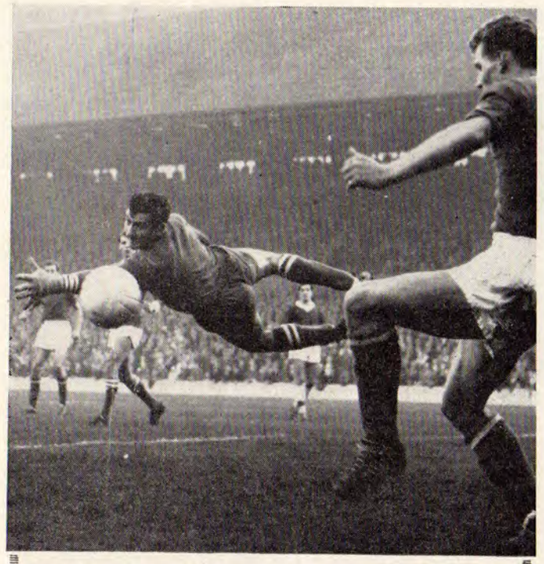
Steaming

Division One of the English League came steaming up to the half way mark in the programme with a half dozen clubs encouragingly placed. Liverpool, Spurs and Sheffield United had lasted the course rather better than the rest of their compatriots, with Liverpool's tight defensive record the pride of the section. After a poorish start to the campaign, Liverpool climbed steadily and whilst their neighbours Everton continued to claim the lion's share of the publicity, the experienced and well knit combination from Anfield had a look of great ability about them.

Spurs, whilst not reproducing all their old fire, still commanded great respect. Danny Blanchflower slipped out of the side, whether temporarily or not being a matter for conjecture. Billy Nicholson was continually urged to purchase new players but still held firm and resolute on the point that he would only buy if he was certain he wanted a particular performer and the value placed upon him by the sellers was in line with Nicholson's own assessment. Sheffield United remained the surprise club of Division One and the former Chelsea centre - half, Johnny Harris, charted his matches with care and precision. Bryan Douglas inspired Blackburn Rovers to remain with the leaders and manager Jack Marshall's faith in Fred Pickering paid dividends when the centre-forward gained an England Under-23 "cap". Mike England graced the Wales national side at centre-half and the promise shown by these players from the younger set two seasons ago was proof positive that club grooming can pay-off. Arsenal and Everton frustrated their supporters to the point of distraction, especially the men from Merseyside who very often threw away points unnecessarily and lacked goal punch.

Ipswich Town, despite a vote of confidence in manager Jackie Milburn, were probably the most consistently bad side in the entire English League. Little, it appears, can stop them from falling into Division Two. Bolton Wanderers, too, have the mark of Cain on them with only goalkeeper Eddie Hopkinson and wandering Freddie Hill displaying senior section qualities. Of the Division Two headmen, Swindon Town, although they were forced to give ground, rocked spectators with their fiery enthusiasm in a town set alight by soccer success.

But Sunderland, Leeds and Preston, having settled into places of power, provided very tough opposition for the Division newcomers. Portsmouth and Charlton both pulled hard up the table sniffing once more at the riches they both once knew. Jimmy Hill's Coventry side took a fairish hold on the Third Division top plot and Crystal Palace started to show an adaptability often predicted and rarely realised.



Superb finger-tip save by Swindon Town goalkeeper Mike Turner? No. Despite a horizontal dive he failed to intercept but fortunately left-back Norman Trollope was on hand to kick clear. (M.P.I.)

Preston North End have had a most impressive first half of the season and Nobby Lawton the former Manchester United player has been outstanding at right-half. (Central 2.)

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Some International League Tables and Results

NOVEMBER 3

Sweden (0) **2** (Simonsson, Bild)
West Germany (0) **1** (Dorfel)

Sweden: Arvidsson; Rosander, Wing; Bergmark, Johansson, Mild; Berndtsson, Oberg, Simonsson, Bild, Backman.
West Germany: Sawitzki; Nowak, Kurbjuhn; Schulz, Wilden, Reisch; Libuda, Kramer, Seeler, Overath, Dorfel.

Yugoslavia (0) **2** (Zambata, Skoblar)
Czechoslovakia (0) **0**

Yugoslavia: Soskic; Belin, Radokovic (Melic); Vasovic, Braun, Perusic; Samardzic, Kovacevic, Zambata, Sekularac, Skoblar.
Czechoslovakia: Kouba; Lala, Novak; Pluskal, Popluhar, Masopust (Bubernik); Popsichal, Scherer (Yorl), Kvasniak, Kucera, Masek.

Switzerland (0) **0**
Norway (1) **2** (Eric Johansson, Jensen)

Switzerland: Schneider; Brodmann, Leimgruber; Maffiolo, Weber, Tachella; Desbiolles, Bosson, Wutrich, Bertschi, Meyer.
Norway: Andersen; Hagen, Stakseth; Rolf Johansen, Thorzen, Gulden; Jensen, Pedersen, Kristoffersen, Nielsen, Eric Johansson.

EUROPEAN NATIONS' CUP

Hungary (2) **3** (Bene, Sandor, Solymosi pen.)
East Germany (2) **3** (Heine, Roland Ducke, Erler)

Hungary: Szentmihalyi; Matrai, Ihasz; Nagy, Meszoly, Solymosi; Sandor, Rakosi, Albert, Bene, Fenyvesi.
East Germany: Heinsch; Urbanszyk, Krampe; Kaiser, Heine, Librecht; Nachtigall, Noldner, Peter Ducke, Erler, Roland Ducke.

NOVEMBER 7

Scotland (2) **6** (Law 4, Mackay 2)
Norway (1) **1** (Kristoffersen)

Scotland: Brown; Hamilton, Provan; Mackay, Ure, Baxter; Scott, White, Gilzean, Law, Henderson.
Norway: Andersen; Hagen, Stakseth; Johansen (R.), Thorsen, Gulden; Jensen, Pedersen, Kristoffersen, Nilsen, Johansson (E.).

NOVEMBER 10
EUROPEAN NATIONS' CUP

Italy (0) **1** (Rivera)
Russia (1) **1** (Gusarov)

Italy: Sarti; Burgnich, Fachetti; Guarnieri, Salvatore, Trapattoni; Domenghini, Bulgarelli, Mazzola, Rivera, Menichelli.
Russia: Yashin; Mudrik, Krutikov; Voronin, Shesternjev, Shustikov; Chislenko, Ivanov, Gusarov, Korolenko, Chusainov.

NOVEMBER 12

France (2) **2** (Buron, Lech)
Switzerland (0) **2** (Pottier, Bosson)

France: Bernard; Rodzik, Chorda; Michelin, Artelesa, Piumi; Lech, Herbin, Goujon, Douis, Buron.
Switzerland: Schneider (Elsener); Maffiolo, Tachella; Leimgruber, Schneiter, Bosson; Odermatt (Hertig), Wuthrich, Desbiolles (Pottier), Pottier (Odermatt), Meyer.

NOVEMBER 13
Under 23 International

England (1) **1** (Pickering)
Wales (1) **1** (Jones)

England: Grummitt; Thomson, Jones; Cross, Talbut, Peters; Wilson, Chisnall, Pickering, Hurst, Hinton.
Wales: Sprake; Evans, Green; Johnson, England, Williams (H.); Jones (B.), Durban, Davies, Moore, Rees.

NOVEMBER 20

England (4) **8** (Greaves 4, Paine 3, Smith)
Ireland (1) **3** (Wilson 2, Crossan)

England: Banks; Armfield, Thomson; Milne, Norman, Moore; Paine, Greaves, Smith, Eastham, Charlton.
Ireland: Gregg; Magill, Parke; Harvey, Neill, McCullough; Bingham, Humphries, Wilson, Crossan, Hill.

Scotland (1) **2** (White, Law)
Wales (0) **1** (Jones B.)

Scotland: Brown; Hamilton, Kennedy; Mackay, McNeill, Baxter; Henderson, White, Gilzean, Law, Scott.
Wales: Sprake; Williams (S.), Williams (G.); Hennessey, England, Nurse; Jones (B.), Moore, Charles (J.), Vernon, Jones (C.).

EUROPEAN CUP

Benfica 2 Borussia Dortmund 1; Dynamo Bucharest 1 Real Madrid 3; Gornik Zabrze 2 Dukla Prague 0; Spartak Plovdiv 0 PSV Eindhoven 1; Zurich 2 Galatasaray 0; Dukla Prague 4 Gornik Zabrze 1; Jeunesse Esch 2 Partizan Belgrade 1; Galatasaray 2 Zurich 0; Partizan Belgrade 6 Jeunesse Esch 2; PSV Eindhoven 0 Spartak Plovdiv 0; IFK Norkopping 1 AC Milan 1; Inter-Milan 1 Monaco 0.

INTER-CITIES FAIRS CUP

FC Cologne 3 Sheffield Wednesday 2; Rapid 0 Valencia 0; Lausanne 1 Zaragosa 2; Juventus 1 OFK Belgrade 0; Arsenal 1 FC Liege 1; Ujpest 0 Lokomotive Plovdiv 0; Zaragoza 3 Lausanne 0; Partick Thistle 3 Spartak Brno 2; Sheffield Wednesday 1 FC Cologne 2; Valencia 3 Rapid 2; Spartak Brno 4 Partick Thistle 0; Lokomotiv Plovdiv 1 Ujpest 3.

RAPPAN CUP

Slovan Bratislava 1 Orgryte 1; Olympic Rouen 4 Bayern Munich 2; Polonia Bytom 1 Sampdoria 1; Standard Liege 2 Rapid 1.

OLYMPIC GAMES PRELIMINARIES

Spain 6 Switzerland 0; Ethiopia 7 Kenya 1; Turkey 2 Italy 2; South Korea 2 Formosa 1.

FRIENDLIES

Novi Sad 2 Budapest "A" 2; Berlin 2 Vienna 3; Stoke City 0 Benfica 1; Sunderland 5 Benfica 3; Charlton Athletic 3 Spartak Brno 1; Toulouse 2 Russia 3; Rileka 1 Budapest "B" 1; Glasgow Rangers 0 Everton 1; Juventus 2 River Plate 1.

WORLD CUP FOR CLUBS

Santos 4 AC Milan 2. Play-off Santos 1 AC Milan 0.

EUROPEAN CUP WINNERS' CUP

Sporting 2 Apoel 0; Lyon 4 Olympiakos 1; Sporting Lisbon 16 Apoel 1; Fenerbahce 4 Linfield 1; Barcelona 4 Hamburger SV 4; Motor Zwickau 1 MTK Budapest 0.

MISCELLANEOUS INTERNATIONALS

Belgium "B" 4 Luxembourg "B" 2.

AUSTRIA

	Pld.	Pts.
Rapid	11	18
Sportklub	11	16
Schwechat	11	15
Austria	11	14
Admira	11	13
LASK	11	12
GAK	11	11
Wr. Neustadt	11	11
Vienna	11	9
WAC	11	8
SVS Linz	11	8
Simmering	11	7
Kapfenberg	11	6
Dornbirn	11	6

FRANCE

	Pld.	Pts.
St. Etienne	11	16
Monaco	12	16
Toulouse	12	14
Rennes	12	14
Bordeaux	11	13
Racing	12	13
Lens	12	13
Lyon	12	13
Strasbourg	12	12
Angers	12	11
Reims	11	11
Sedan	12	10
Nice	12	10
Valenciennes	12	10
Nantes	12	10
Rouen	11	9
Nimes	12	9
Stade Francais	12	8

SPAIN

	Pld.	Pts.
Barcelona	10	16
Real Madrid	10	15
Betis	10	15
Elche	10	15
Cordoba	10	11
Sevilla	10	11
Zaragoza	10	10
Atletico Bilbao	10	9
Murcia	10	9
Levante	10	8
Valencia	10	8
Real Oviedo	10	8
Espanol	9	6
Pontevedra	9	6
Valladolid	10	6
Atletico Madrid	10	5

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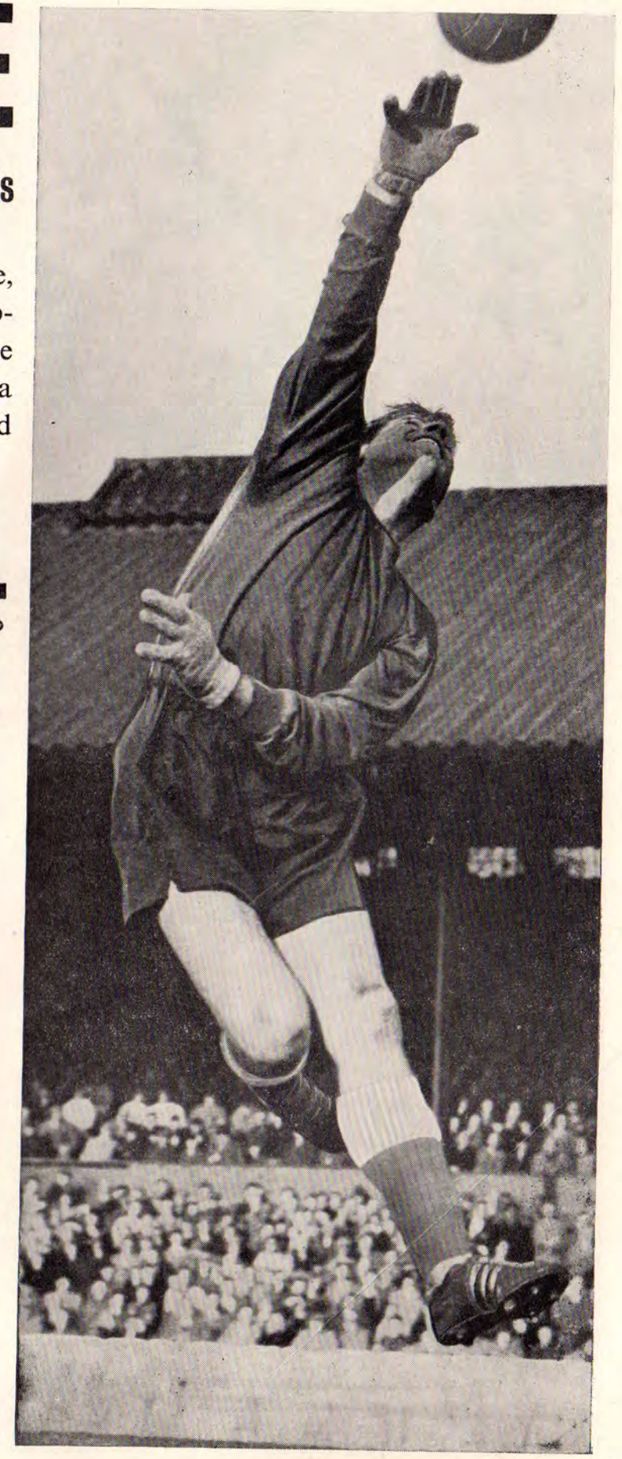

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